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Between Mammon and the Muse

THE QUARREL between Mammon and the Muse is one of our oldest, and probably more durable, intellectual sideshows. The post-Romantic assumption that writers somehow prove their seriousness and integrity by failing to make money and by despising those who do has, as much strength today as it ever did. Indeed, one might say that it is rather stronger now, if only because there are so many new ways of "selling out". Successful film writers, television playwrights, panel-game performers and highbrow columnists will as often be heard to apologize for what they earn as to boast of it, and envious competitors, hearing of a rival's latest windfall, can still wring their clean hands in a kind of satisfied dismay. It is not just that writing for films or for the telly requires a writer to vulgarize his gifts (though, of course, it often does); the guilt and the contempt derive also from a lingering belief that only second-rate work can possibly command a first-rate fee, that if there is a demand there must be something wrong with what is being supplied.

There are, of course, gritty theorists who would settle the fight once and for all, who insist that the only worthwhile literary performer nowadays is the one who can do cool-eyed business with the media and cooperate unguiltily with technocrats, but since this is a view most often heard over treble whiskeys on Chelsea patios it cannot always quite avoid the ring of old-style special pleading. The idea that however cautiously writers may compromise with commerce they will invariably end up looking compromised is still potent and pervasive. Poets and truces can be achieved (the image of Norman Mailer sitting next to Alberto Moravia at Cape Kennedy last week—the pair of them hugging reputedly astronomical, if not quite lunatic, advances—has no doubt been noted with much relish by cultural historians), and there is of course a more voracious, if more cynical and more ludicrously fashion-prone, demand nowadays for new talent than there was when, say, T. S. Eliot trudged off to his bank each morning dreaming of Pound's *Bel Esprit*.

At the last, though, it is generally acknowledged that there is, and perhaps ought to be, an irreconcilable hostility between Art and the kind of Life that merchants and middle-men believe in. The fact remains that a poet can expect to make considerably more money cooking up a selection of someone else's poems than from publishing his own; a novelist, even if he has two or three well-noticed works behind him, will probably earn more from a year's stint reviewing other people's novels than he can expect from his own output over the same twelve months.

It is this situation, which worries Richard Findlater in his gloomy report on the average

earning power of the professional author. Although some might argue that the author Mr. Findlater invokes often seems suspiciously unfortunate (he has not even won an Arts Council grant), the general picture is undeniably as sombre as he paints it. The chances of an averagely well-regarded novelist, say, making a living from his novels are negligible without the assistance either of some kind of bonanza—a literary prize, a book club selection—or of extra-mural earnings, from reviewing, lecturing, broadcasting, and so on: earnings which, it should be granted, might not have been available to him had he not won a reputation as a novelist. There seems little hope that the one self-evident solution to the problem (i.e., that more people should buy books) is likely to present itself in the immediate future, and although a measure like the Public Lending Right would clearly make a difference it might not make a very crucial difference to the authors who are most in need—the much-borrowed will tend to be the much-bought.

Complaints that there are too few readers should not, of course, be allowed to obscure the almost-as-sorry truth that there are far too many writers. Mr. Findlater is cautious on this score, pointing to the "common fallibility of critical snobism", but it is surely a

short step from this sort of guardedness to accepting as an author almost anyone who cares to give himself the name. Looking over the annual flood of novels that pour into this office, we snobbishly (?) have no doubt that the world could have been well spared at least a third of them. Any expression of compassion for the "average author" which does not take at least some notice of this fact is likely to defeat its own purposes. An accurate description of the literary situation at any given time is likely to find serious fault both with the author and his audience, and any responsible literary educator is likely to concern himself with improving both. So perhaps Mr. Findlater is not gloomy enough.

Aside from Mr. Findlater's contribution, this special issue on "Money in Writing" takes the disgruntlement of authors for granted (it is not a topic which has been neglected by this paper in the past) and places its emphasis on such matters as the practicalities of book publishing, the book trade's contribution to the export drive, the market for authors' manuscripts. The three articles that deal with these topics leave one in no doubt that there is money in writing, and a good deal more of it than even the above-average author is ever likely to see.

Both James Price and Sir Eric Roll take a

generally cheerful view of the publishing industry, though neither will bring much comfort to the "imaginative writer". Indeed, Mr. Price's figures for the publication of a certain first novel serve to amply Mr. Findlater's dark ponderings. And the kind of "rationalized" publishing industry that he envisages may well, as we pointed out in *Commentary* a few weeks ago, leave writers without even the consoling shoulder of a trusted editor. Sir Eric Roll confirms Mr. Price's comments on the spectacular growth of the market for educational books, by pointing to the £54m. in foreign exchange earned by book exports in 1967. Presumably a large proportion of the exported material was in the educational category, and thus not helpful to Mr. Findlater's average full-time author. An interesting comparison might be attempted some day between on the one hand, the average literary earnings of those dons and schoolmasters who engage in the preparation of educational books, and on the other, the meagre £500 a year enjoyed by the majority of full-time authors.

Sir Eric goes on to plead for greater government support for the international activities of British publishers. The economic case for such support seems sound, but not everyone will be entirely happy about the emphasis Sir Eric places on the "British book" as "one of the most powerful vehicles for spreading the genius of the language and the ideas and ideals which it expresses". A government aid programme that was too explicitly prompted by propagandist goals of this sort (and it is never simple to distinguish "propaganda" from the truest and best sense of the word) from the other, less lofty, kind could mean the publishers would be, at any rate potentially, obliged to answer for the usefulness of what they export. One can think of a few work-whose "ideas and ideals" might raise some Foreign Office eyebrows.

One can also think of some manuscript "less than 100 years old" which the Board of Trade could be forgiven for rushing out of the country as speedily as possible. Miss Jenny Stratford's article on the manuscript trade reminds us that it has not yet been officially decided that "the rights of living persons to dispose of their own papers should in no case be interfered with". She also points out that the boom in the manuscript market seems to be fading. Developments of both fronts will be watched with interest by those many authors who have been stock-piling work-sheets for a comfortable old age. Here was one area in which writers seemed to have the money men by the nose, extorting huge sums for trifling relics. It could hardly last. And how that means have apparently been found for detecting forgeries, one cannot help wondering how many gull-rucker minor poets are spending sleepless nights on their Texas-endowed Shagberrys.

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Writers, it has been suggested, spend a good deal of their time talking about money, and very little writing about it. Why don't they write books about what they find so obsessively interesting? There are several answers to this question, the simplest being that writers, like most people, are interested in what they haven't got, in what many of them feel they are being done out of, and hence in all the suspicious, chat about contracts, agents, publishers, paperback rights, film rights and royalties, none of which would make very good material for a novel in any case. Such chat is also an excellent way of avoiding the possibility of having to talk about one's actual work, a subject which very few writers are happy to discuss with their colleagues. (None often than not one has not read the work of one's colleagues, and it is much easier to talk about royalties than about the qualities of a book that one really meant to read and didn't get round to.)

Very few writers have been in the fortunate position of being wealthy enough to indulge in spectacular investments and speculations, and they do not on the whole mix with those who do. A naturally enough they choose not to write about what they do not know about; and they have the grace to recognize that their own financial anxieties and their own sense of professional victimization are not perhaps subjects of universal interest. But this is only one answer to the question, and not a very satisfactory one, for it begs the question: why do writers have written a great deal about money, but only in certain contexts? There are gaps, that have been filled in or bravely confronted only by the odd exception, like Balzac, who in *Le Père Goriot* devoted a whole novel to an elaborate financial transaction; but there are also certain themes that recur again and again, particularly in nineteenth-century fiction.

Certain novelists, far from having neglected the subject of money, have been obsessed by the morality of wealth: they have not understood it

Money as a subject for the novelist

MARGARET DRABBLE

Author of "The Waterfall" and other novels

and who, since the rise of capitalism and the Industrial Revolution, can hope to understand it?—but, like Ruskin, they have worried about it, they have tried to understand it, they have tried to relate the individual man to the skeletal economic man whom Ruskin describes, and if they have failed it is only because society has failed with them. They may, by now, have opted out, having recognized that international finance and balances of payments are so far removed from any traditional morality that they simply cannot be dealt with in human terms; but they did try.

For novelists again, like most people, are moralists, whether they like it or not, and they have to write from an attitude. They do not have an attitude to the International Mon-

etary Fund. Traditional, they have not found themselves so at a loss; in the Middle Ages poets knew what they thought about usury; in the sixteenth century Ben Jonson knew what he thought about merchants and wealth and luxury. The miser has been a familiar figure in imaginative writing, because he can be simply disapproved from Vespene to more recent examples like Father Grandet, Silas Marner, and that young beginner in Ivy Compton-Burnett's *A Family and a Fortune*.

Extreme poverty again has always seemed a simple issue, and many writers have evoked in detail and with profound sympathy the experiences of the grossly underprivileged: Mrs. Gaskell and Dickens made their

passionate statements on behalf of the industrial poor, and George Moore in *Esther Waters* gives a harrowing account of his heroine's attempt to bring up her illegitimate son. Her financial situation is the core of the book: we learn exactly how much it would cost her to keep the child, to farm it out, to take a post as wet nurse, to return to domestic service. Money is the subject, as it is in much of George Orwell, whose hero Gordon Comstock has to make equally painful decisions about cigarettes, marriage and contraceptives. But in these two books one is also aware, obviously, that the writer's concern is not restricted to the particular case which he is using as a lever for sympathy: he is writing about society, about the depression, about

the working classes whose only affluence is through gambling, case can be isolated but not in isolation. And it is in this case the writer's anxieties about money, misers, bankruptcies and although they deal ostensibly money, only deal with it in an isolated human tragedy: they deal with the problem of wealth, the community in which it is distributed.

It was the nineteenth century provided the crisis, that shattered traditional attitudes of approval, disapproval, and introduced a new one on the scene, and writers were, predictably, half shocked and half admiring. Writers were gentlemen, they allied themselves with gentlemen and were read by gentlemen, they did not make fortunes and many of them did not even bother to make a row about royalties.

One of the most interesting confrontations between the old world and the new, the world of Jane Austen and the world of the Gradgrinds and Bounderbys, is in Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South*, which, with all its weaknesses and narrative infelicities, is a courageous attack on the whole problem of the morality of wealth. Margaret, the beautiful and cultured and impoverished heroine, is a vicar's daughter, and at the beginning of the novel we find her declaring to her mother "I don't like shabby people, I think we are far better off, knowing only

political economists told him that there was no other way of living. The frightening foundations of a modest competency became, for the first time, alarmingly apparent; though not, perhaps, to all, for we still find as late as E. M. Forster the notion that the businessman Wilcox in *Howards End* is somehow morally inferior (though of course endowed with superior energy, will power, &c.) to the cultured Schlegels, whose modest competency is thought to be pure in source and use. The figure of the energetic businessman was a new one on the scene, and writers were, predictably, half shocked and half admiring. Writers were gentlemen and were read by gentlemen, they did not make fortunes and many of them did not even bother to make a row about royalties.

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Coming Back

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And I wake in your scattered hair sensing rain
Where the trees arch over our bed.
Their thin leaves rustle your name.

A. J. J. BREZ

cottagers and labourers, and people without pretence". Her mother protests that her tastes are too fastidious, and she retorts: "No, I call mine a very comprehensive taste: I like all people whose occupations have to do with land: I like soldiers and sailors, and the three learned professions, as they call them. I'm sure you don't want me to admire butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, do you, mamma?" This is pure Jane Austen, though she, in her more secure situation, would not have needed to put it so crudely: Margaret is on the defensive, in a shaking society. And, during the course of the novel, she is transported to the north, into a manufacturing town, and brought face to face with industrial poverty and starvation, with the strikers, with the harsh manners and morality of the factory owners.

Mrs. Gaskell does not shirk the issues: she does not use poverty simply as a lever for sympathy, she genuinely tries to understand both the strikers and the possible virtues of a morality which believes in buying cheap and selling dear, and the book ends with the marriage of Margaret to the factory owner, who has reformed slightly, under her influence, and appears to be about to embark on a career of paternal socialism, manifested in such efforts as building a canteen for his workmen. This is clearly an attempt to reconcile the two sides—the north and the south, the cultured and the profiteering, the irreconcilable workman and his employer. It was a brave attempt, but in spite of one novelist's private resolution the war continued to rage, and writers continued to find it extremely difficult to forgive or to understand the economic facts of wealth.

And they still find it difficult. Who, nowadays, embarks on writing a novel about trade disputes and industrial relations, though the subjects may be? There may be some, but I haven't read them. Nor do writers tackle issues which would seem to be even more accessible: why, for instance, doesn't somebody write a book about the office building racket in London, as Zola wrote one about the scandalous specula-

descriptions of it: nothing like the evidence of profound and conscious anxiety that runs through the nineteenth-century novel.

It could be argued, of course, that modern technological and industrial society, and the welfare state, with its aim of a modest competence for all, has gone so far in fulfilling the aims of writers like Ruskin that money has ceased to be a subject of particular interest: as we are no longer confronted by glaring inequalities of wealth, or by spectacular hardships, so we have lost interest in the means of survival. Like Jane Austen, we assume we shall live quite comfortably. But this I believe to be false: glaring inequalities of wealth are as present as they ever were. Ruskin wrote: "Men never always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket." And although this has been proved to be economically unsound, it is none the less spiritually sound, for nobody wants what everyone can have: the rich aim to get richer in order to be richer. It is an end in itself: the having more than other people.

Very few writers have explored this particular human characteristic, though they have written a great deal about the corruption of wealth, in its effects on personal relationships, arranged marriages, and so forth—the wealthy heiress is a common figure, and the exploitations she suffers and inflicts have been thoroughly documented, in Dickens, in Henry James, in Elizabeth Bowen's *Evans*. But few novelists have tackled centrally the subject of greed, though it is surely, even in an affluent society, a perennial motive. Perhaps it is too much to ask a writer who has made a lot of money to explain what drove him to it, and maybe the answers to the question are so obvious to most people that it isn't worth asking. There may be a natural human

At the end of the book Mr. Prohack, having been shown round his son's yacht—"I've got to spend a bit of money uneconomically, and there's nothing like a yacht for doing it... these thirty men on board might be doing some useful productive work, fishing or merchant marining. They're otherwise engaged. They're spending a pleasant wasteful month over our lunch and tea. That's what I enjoy. It makes me smile to myself when I wake up in the middle of the night."—decides to turn his back on such useless expenditure, and takes over a paper-mill, saying "I'll die producing".

Mr. Prohack really is a very curious book: on one level it is a thoroughly immoral good-luck story, self-indulgent and corrupt, dwelling lovingly on the details of Turkish baths and dinner at Claridge's, and yet there is nothing self-indulgent about the quality of the observation in it. Nor are we allowed to forget the state of the country outside: in fact, one of Bennett's main points is that the more people talk about depression and strikes and national poverty, the more people seem to be spending more money in outrageously expensive hotels. And whatever else it is, it's a remarkably honest book about the sources and uses of riches. Not many of those who make it write so objectively about their own yacht, or remember so well how they managed to do without such necessities.

A desire to forget origins may be as much a twentieth-century as a nineteenth-century preoccupation: if it weren't so, we might hear more about the moral implications of the possession of riches from those who could afford to tell. As it is, these days, most such "fortunate" writers leave the country. We still await a novel along the virtues of evading the taxation of the country that has made its writer rich. It is hard to guess at the strange mixture of triumph, bravado and unease that made Bennett confess himself, and it would be instructive to find a novelist today who could do the same.

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The essays assembled in this anthology, many of which were previously out of print or otherwise difficult to obtain, mark significant moments in the discovery of the Middle Ages for they represent the first century of critical interest in Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. 95s. paper, 32s.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

70 Great Russell Street, London WC1

MATTHEW HODGART: *Satire*. 255pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. World University Library. 30s. (Paperback, 16s.).

PROFESSOR HODGART'S book comes in the "World University Library" series, well designed, handsomely printed. The reader has in mind has not yet read very much, perhaps, but on the other hand he is a willing pupil. Such a reader must be treated gently, encouraged. There is no point in discussing Erasmus's *Enchiridion moriae* as if it were already a common possession, fully shared between teacher and pupil. Professor Hodgart has accepted these limitations in his reader, so he is never impatient or frosty, even when he has to recite the plot of a standard novel or deal in six lines with a masterpiece.

The subject is satire, its forms, modes, themes, and conventions. In the first chapter Professor Hodgart discusses its origins and defines some of the basic principles, relating satire to magic, the curse, travesty, the trickster, obscenity, and so forth. The second chapter is an account of political satire, exemplified in Aristophanes, the medieval satirists, Henryson, Dryden, Marvell, Swift, Byron, and Heine. Professor Hodgart is more interested in defining the principles, which sustain satire than in compiling a list of satirists; his book stimulates and provokes, it is not a compilation. In the third chapter he deals with satire against women, a rich theme embodied in Chaucer, Villon, Pope and other writers; the list does not end, one hopes, with Thubert and Nabokov. This chapter is particularly fine.

In a chapter on the techniques of satire Professor Hodgart considers jokes, wit, humour, reduction, repetition, parody, the use of the *persona*, invective, and irony. The discussion is necessarily brief, but it is illuminating. Sometimes it might have been pressed further. Invective, for instance, may be understood as a kind of Pure Poetry, the energy expelled for its own sake and in excess of its occasion. The motive of invective is the gratification it affords. The exact nature of the gratification would require a very elaborate description. The point to make is that invective hardly needs an object; or at least it seems to dispense with the local object, once the required steam is worked up. Irony may be understood as a form of perspective, held by force of will, its pressure wilful and therefore exasperating. Professor

A sort of glass for other people's faces

Hodgart's next chapter treats the major forms of satire: the formal satire as in Juvenal and Donne, the aphorism, fable, epigram, allegory, the "character", Utopian fictions, imaginary voyages. The main figures displayed are Horace, Boileau, Pope, La Bruyère, More, Cyrano de Bergerac, Rabelais, and Swift. The sixth chapter is concerned with satire in drama: mainly Machiavelli, Shakespeare, Jonson, Molière, Ibsen, Shaw, and Brecht. There are also lively comments on satire in the revue, cabaret, and cartoons. The next chapter deals with satire in the novel, a particularly useful account of satirical procedures in Cervantes, Voltaire, Peacock, Dickens, Flaubert, Joyce, Céline, and Grass. The book ends with a short postscript on satire in journalism and television.

The book is very well done, a work of considerable scope written in an agreeable style which easily accom-

modates information, attitude, and illustration. Professor Hodgart's range is impressive. The only real limitation in the book arises from his assumption that satire may be explained by external reasons: causes available in politics or social absurdity are always deemed to be sufficient. He is perceptive on such matters: what he finds in society, manners, and morals is often, indeed, a sufficient cause, given a writer sufficiently gifted in satirical ways. But Professor Hodgart invariably assumes that external and objective reasons are adequate. He does not give enough allowance to those satires which spring, apparently, from within: where the satirist denounces in others what he feels, with whatever degree of horror, within himself. There are many satirists who are adequately explained by external causes. It is not necessary to maintain that Pope, for instance, was

personally incriminated in the motives which he denounced in *The Dunciad*. He holds a certain distance, moral and aesthetic. Other satirists, however, are desperately implicated in their own attack. Swift's violence is directed upon his enemies, but it is also reflexive, the motives in question are not safely distinct from his own. Professor Hodgart invokes Freud in a pertinent context, but he does not rehearse Freud on Negation, an especially cogent text when the nature of the satirist is under discussion. Some satirists insist upon the possession of their cake so that they may eat and excrete it. The motives engaged are extremely complex.

There is also a curious situation in the reader's reception of satire. Swift's point is well taken, that the reader sees in the mirror of satire every crime but his own. At the same time, more is involved. Satire

is often received as either a rebuke, or a touchstone. Readers may or may not be touched by the attack, but they are lighted, presumably, in the light of the couplets. How, then, are these situations to be questioned? It may render it impregnable, or it may give it a separate pleasure and therefore relief from the venom. In satire there is a dominant but there is also a prevailing difference the form and the difficult question. It is a of modern criticism that it achieved content, that it everything; but the maxim has been tested against satire. It hold, or it may not. An instrument of satire is the able. Fool, vehicle of rebuke and the same time, an entertainer, comedian. What he is and says are closely related, but it wise to assume that as a single-minded. Clearly in case the notion of entente must be qualified, but it can abandoned. There is also, the available ambiguities, the of analogies drawn for body: if formal satire is like an attack upon the victim, no hold red, one must allow for masochistic as well as sadistic.

Professor Hodgart rarely it upon these questions, perhaps because he thinks the relations he satirist, form, object, and are sufficiently demarcated. Satire in his view, subjective. This is ously true, as a general rule, but the subjective elements they occur. It leaves the satirist easily in the possession of God detachment. Those not afraid God may be afraid of Pope, he Pope is divinely withdrawn, his wrath. In his own person not touched. But there are situations, where the lines can drawn so firmly. At the same it must be allowed that Prof. Hodgart's terms are valid for a wide range of satirical works that his critical survey is ever

The book is lavishly illustrated, the illustrations are brilliant selected: sometimes they merely dorse the text, but on many occasions they go beyond it, pointing out apart from the critic's main ment. The effect of the illustration is to warn Professor Hodgart reader that the world of satire China to Peru cannot be come in a survey. The lesson, like the entire book, is admirable.



Germany after the First World War, by Georg Grosz (1928).

THE GREAT DIVIDE BRITAIN: INDIA: PAKISTAN H. V. Hodson

In writing this great study the author has had the unique advantage of unrestricted use of Lord Mountbatten's India papers including his personal reports to the British Government and to the King. August, 80s/£4.00

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THE COMPLEAT IMBIBER No. 10 Edited by Cyril Ray

Published by Hutchinson for the first time this beautifully produced and illustrated annual has a galaxy of writing talent around the theme of the 'dolce vita' of Italy. September, illustrated, 45s/£2.25

THE SATURDAY BOOK Edited by John Hadfield

Love is the theme of this year's edition of a perennial favourite. Contributors include Laurie Lee, Mick Jagger, James Laver and Dannie Abse. October, illustrated, 45s/£2.25

Coloured counters for common speech

BARTLETT JERE WHITING, with HELEN WESTCOTT WHITING: *Proverbs, Sentences, and Proverbial Phrases from English Writings, mainly before 1500*. 733pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press, £8.

Bartlett Jere Whiting, with the collaboration of his wife Helen Westcott Whiting, has made a collection of proverbs which begins with Old English and goes as far as the early sixteenth century, when Heywood exercised that genius he had for shaping and polishing the flotsam of popular wisdom, without which this book would be the poorer. Heywood was born just before the turn of the century, and from this Mr. Whiting argues that he and others like him have a right to appear. He argues further that the term proverb is incapable of exact definition and that in the last resort one recognizes intuitively that a phrase is proverbial. He is expert both in recognizing and classifying his material, for which he has sifted all available books and many manuscripts.

There is nothing new to be learnt from proverbs, which are of their nature a repository of known truth. They teach us to hear what must be borne and to acknowledge things as they are: to suffer fools and changes of fortune, to value time and true friends, to meet the devil and death. We do not nowadays live in this kind of acceptance world and they have waited at the foot. Mr. Whiting cannot make good all losses. Proverbs are colloquial and their appearance in writing is no reliable guide to the

frequency with which they were on speakers' tongues. Many of the early texts are saints' lives and sermons, concerned to tell us no more than that drunkenness leads to lechery and suffering is a virtue, that death comes to all and we are meat for worms. Many are metrical and a pithy saying may be distorted to fit a verse line. Some proverbs, no doubt, were too racy ever to get into print.

An omnipresent carping at women may perhaps have been balanced in talk by gibes against men, but the pen was not a woman's weapon. Chivalry got a bad press and there is plenty of plain speaking about fools.

Two things which emerge clearly from Mr. Whiting's book are the great antiquity of the proverbial population which we still dip and the kind of world which our ancestors inhabited. "Reverendly, agricultural and rather bleak. A blanching almond", we are told, "is no bean", but beans are plainly what were to be expected on one's plate. Proverbs justly sit close to everyday, and such things as beans they cluster round straw: wind and rain; candles and threwood; horses and bridles; cows, sheep and swine; mice and rats; wolves and bears. There are also lions, tigers and dragons as exotic emblems of terror and ferocity, and an occasional elephant, not yet renowned as a mnemonic.

Though phrases naturally become obsolete as the words they employ or the objects to which they refer cease to be in common use, we still fear a wolf at the door and still

probably go on putting the cart before the horse long after carts and horses are things of the past. Images equally vivid have disappeared. If not been abbreviated to the richly improbable "drunk as a mouse" we might still have it, in spite of the tendency whereby images of drunkenness are expunged from genteel vocabularies. We keep the inexplicable "dead as a doornail" and have as a key "with the cognate 'fish-whole' and 'key-cold'". An odd survival is "bolt upright". Few to an arrow, though they presumably know it when they say they have need there is to understand a phrase that is popularly current.

How many people could give an adequate explanation of "kick the bucket" and "curry favour"? Yet there is left to be life in such expressions and they give a tang to conversation. Speech needs its coloured counters. They are a way that the unimagined can proceed on borrowed imagination, and it is open to anyone to produce analogous formations, though few do. The slogans of advertisers have an altogether different purpose and provenance, and inform. Moreover, they have a language of closed groups are a are spoken and shared rather than written and impersonal. "Send" expands to fill the time available for "might well set Mr. Whiting's thumbs pricking."

One of the simplest proverbial patterns is the four-word comparison, so simple that one would think speakers might ring almost endless changes on it, instead of which, doubtless with a sound instinct, they go on saying as cold as ice, as hard as iron, as hot as fire, as heavy as lead, as black as ink, as sweet as honey, as soft as silk; but not any more as thick as emmetts, as fallow as a floor, or as mild as mead. Sometimes a comparison is ironic: as swift as a snail, as witty as a woodcock, as full as an egg is of oatmeal, as many as blades in Ireland. There are a great number of formulas denoting worthlessness, not worth a bean, a glove, a leek, a pin, a flick, a flea. Anybody could and apparently, from their great number and little wit, anybody did coin these. It took Thomas More to say of the scriptures of an opponent that he was in danger of "choking with the bones of buttered beer". The structure is proverbial but the voice is individual.

Notably expressive and often humorous, proverbial phrases are rarely poetic. We must wait for Coleridge to make magical such 'medieval' stereotypes as "red as a rose" and "green as emerald", or to invent the chilling "white as leprosy". For the rest of us proverbs are a hoard of effective phrases ready to hand which do our thinking for us. This generous collection demonstrates that a good proverb can stand up to 400 years of hard usage and survive almost as fresh as the unknown day it was minted. How many speakers nowadays get by with following to stand on one's own feet; to eat like a horse; to live in a fool's paradise; to have one foot in

Pindaric

The Odes of Pindar. Translated by C. M. Bowra. 256pp. Penguin 7s.

No one could more fitly have entrusted with the task of translating Pindar's *Odes* for the "Penguin Classics" than Sir Maurice Bowra. In 1928 he and Professor J. V. Wade-Gery published with the Oxford Press a version of the *Pindar Odes*, which became the core of a complete translation of the *Pindar Odes* made by Sir Maurice and working over a period of years, an attempt is made to keep the Pindar metres or formality of structure, kind of free verse seeks to preserve the meaning of the original, rather than its rhythm. The *Odes* printed in chronological order, as this can be ascertained, then a valuable introduction, notes, end of each ode, and a register of names. Pindar with his elliptical allusive style must always be a "cult" poet for the modern, but one can only say that with limits set by the nature of the Pindaric, Sir Maurice has done all that scholarship and critical understanding



Hutchins
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Oxford University Press

The invasion in documents

ROBERT LITTELL (Editor): *The Czech Black Book*. 302pp. Pall Mall. £2 18s.

On August 28, 1968, the day after the communiqué of the Moscow negotiations was issued, the Institute of History of the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences issued a defiant statement:

We continue to reject the conditions of the *diktat*, accepted under unheard-of pressure, and in particular the cynical phrases of the Moscow communiqué. We stand, without reservation, behind the policy line adopted in January, 1968... Just as in the past seven days we along with all the people decided on our attitudes independently and in accord with the conditions we faced we intend in the future as well to maintain our own independent thinking and initiative.

This good intention was carried out by the production of this book, originally issued in Czechoslovakia in the autumn of 1968 under the title *Seven Prague Days*. It is a documentary record of events from August 20 to August 27, 1968—the first and most critical week of the invasion by the five Warsaw Pact powers. It quickly became known as the "Black Book", both because of its colour, and also because it was vaguely considered to be a reply to the Soviet White Paper on events in Czechoslovakia, which was issued at about the same time. Actually it is not related to the White Paper, which was an attempt to prove the existence of "counter-revolution" in Czechoslovakia. The *Black Book* is a factual record of events, not a political thesis. It includes not only Czech but also Soviet statements, leaflets, &c.

Even straight factual records, of course, can never be perfectly neutral, especially when they touch on a subject which is officially taboo. Since April of this year the authors of this book have been under heavy verbal attack from Dr. Husak and others for producing what is considered to be an anti-Soviet provocation. In May the weekly paper *Pravda*, organ of the Czechoslovak

Communist Party's bureau for the Czech lands, published an article on "The Black Background of the Black Book". The Academy of Sciences has shown some spirit in standing up to such onslaughts, perhaps in part because of a quiet confidence in the book which they produced. The *Black Book* has suffered somewhat on its journey from Prague to London via Praeger Books in New York. Although the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences has the copyright in the work, Praeger and Pall Mall understandably did not ask permission of the Academy before publishing their edition. (At least one Continental publisher was in fact dissuaded from publishing the book by the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences.)

About one quarter of the original has been cut from this edition—in order, so Mr. Littell states in his introduction, to keep out material that is repetitious or available elsewhere. The propriety of making such cuts without the permission of the authors in a book that is in any case pirated is open to question; and some of the editor's remarks in his introduction do not give one much confidence in his judgment. At the very least this seems to be a rather high-handed way of treating a valuable historical document; and since the price of the English edition is high, the cuts can hardly be justified on the grounds that they were necessary to lower the price of the product. The omission of photographs from this edition is more understandable, as the very interesting illustrations in the Czech edition would not have reproduced very well. The translation itself, which is anonymous, is in places rather heavy and unidiomatic.

But if the *Black Book* has not travelled as well as it might have, it is still a magnificent document. It reveals a great deal that was previously unknown, or the subject of rumour. This applies particularly to the actions of collaborators before, during, and after the invasion. Blak, Salgovic, Sulek, and all the others, may have been officially reinstated since April of this year, but the record of their

actions is contained in this book and most Czechs and Slovaks are aware of that record.

The evidence presented in the *Black Book* confirms the thesis that the Czechoslovak leaders were uncertain about how to react to the invasion, taking some hours on the night of August 20-21 to issue any statement. The subsequent defeat by the Czechoslovaks of the Russian attempt to impose an abjectly collaborationist government is described, but where the *Black Book's* account of the political manoeuvrings of the first days excels is in its material on the actions of the legal government and National Assembly.

Here the Academy of Sciences has done its research particularly well, and the documents as presented indicate a deep disagreement between the Presidium of the National Assembly and President Svoboda about whether or not the latter should go to Moscow to negotiate with the Russians. In the end of course, on August 23, President Svoboda did set off on a journey which many Czechs still regard as having been a mistake. President Svoboda's whole role, indeed, was clearly far more controversial than appeared to the outside world. On August 22 he opposed the dispatch of a resolution to the United Nations. From the very start of the invasion he used in public the bromide language which was officially sanctified after the Moscow talks of August 23-26. In a speech on August 21 he mentioned none of the invading countries by name, and he referred, not to an invasion, but to a "complicated situation".

Gustav Husak and Lubomir Strougal, now so powerful in the Czechoslovak Communist Party, emerge from these pages as trusted and loyal party members. Strougal, indeed, put his name to a statement that "our people resolutely reject the occupation as illegal, unconstitutional, and groundless and demand the departure of the occupation armies". But, despite the issue of such statements by those Czechoslovak leaders who were still at

liberty, there was a surprising lack of leadership of the civilian resistance. Many government and organs advised against strikes, but they were not very effective even in hitting at the railways. It is remarkable to discover that the Russian train carrying mining equipment, which was left stopped at Lysa nad Labem, travelled all the way across Slovakia and Moravia from Cerna, and Moravia from Cerna, and stopped at Cerna, and certainly that the train "should have been stopped at Cerna", and certainly that the leadership in a very complex set of dilemmas hampered the resistance from achieving most of them today.

Indeed, as a prophet, Mr. Kopkind has a very low batting average. His dramatic success was spotting the weaknesses of Mr. Abe Fortas before they became part of the public domain. However, several other of his reprinted pieces reflect that division of mind which is now afflicting the American Left. He has to mention, although he cannot pretend to discuss, the rise of anti-Semitism among the more militant Blacks. He has to discuss the alienation of the more militant Blacks from their quondam white allies. And it is obvious that his heart is with the Blacks, but his head is still, to some degree, with the whites. He does not preach, in the pieces he has reprinted here, the possibilities and promises of guerrilla warfare in cities like Newark. Perhaps he has reflected on the fact that all of these outbursts are always paid for by the Blacks and not by the whites, and has accepted the lesson of Daumier's famous picture "Le Massacre de la Rue Transnonain".

But as evidence of the emotional and intellectual confusion of the American Left, this book is of very considerable value. True, Mr. Kopkind cannot for a moment compare with Mr. I. F. Stone as a commentator on the sins, mendacities, and follies of the American Establishment, conservative and liberal. For one thing, he lacks what is one of Mr. Stone's great assets, a good memory of the not very remote past of American revolutionary and quasi-revolutionary politics. For example, Mr. Kopkind refers to a "smear

ANDREW KOPKIND: *America: The Mixed Curse*. 300pp. Penguin. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Kopkind is a very energetic and, in some ways, talented young journalist who has steadily moved to the left from his days spent in serving a section of his dispatches to periodicals, American and British, like *Ramparts*, *the New Statesman*, the *New York Review of Books* and the *New Republic*. He has courageously selected pieces which seemed more plausible and more prophetic at the time they were first published than most of them do today.

The *Black Book* ends with a Moscow communiqué issued August 27, and the reactions to it are clear from the speeches of some of the Czechoslovak leaders who turned from Moscow on that day that they had been deceived, thinking that an early phased withdrawal of the invading troops was a serious possibility. In return for an end to the more important manifestations of opposition to the invasion. That the resistance was just as embarrassing to them is indicated only by the readiness of the Russian leaders to compromise somewhat at that time. But also by the effect documented to some extent in a book—that the resistance had not invading forces.

The numerous resolutions at the end of this book indicate the extent of dissatisfaction with the Moscow *diktat*. They form a sad conclusion to a story of considerable brave. Even sadder now is the reversal history which is gathering momentum in Czechoslovakia. On July, for example, the East Bohemian Regional Committee of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia passed a resolution "cancelling its support of August 21, 1968, on the part of the troops of the Warsaw Pact countries into Czechoslovakia". The existence of the *Black Book* should help to prevent too complete a forget of this period of history.

Continental views

A. N. J. DEN HOLLANDER and SIGMUND SKARO (Editors): *American Civilization: An Introduction*. 523pp. Longmans. £2 10s.

It is a sign of the overwhelming importance of the United States, even when its prestige is at a low level, that the European Association for American Studies is publishing this extremely interesting symposium on the character of American civilization. Its Dutch and Norwegian editors know the United States very well, and the symposium is admirably planned. None of the contributions is worse than mediocre and some of them are very brilliant performances indeed.

There are, of course, inherent difficulties, not all of which have been surmounted. The contributors seem to have different views about the level of sophistication in the readers they are aiming at. Sometimes they comment on aspects of American life in a fashion designed for readers already knowing quite a lot about the United States. At others, they are aiming at a freshman college audience and are simple and dogmatic in a way that may irritate more sophisticated readers.

Thus, André Tunon is appealing to a far more sophisticated audience than is his countryman, Jean Miltry, in his panorama of the American cinema. Professor Straumann on literature is, perhaps necessarily, reduced to using far too many names and to having to utter too many platitudinous judgments on the merits of figures in American literature. In other cases, there are breaks in communication. For

example, Continental readers, and indeed British readers, may imagine that there are next to no private (unlike public) schools in the United States. The smart "prep" schools like Groton and Saint Paul's are not as important as Eton and Saint Paul's or perhaps as Henri IV and the Collège Stanislas, but they are important at all of those very curious American institutions, the military schools that have been unkindly—and unjustly—described as reform schools in which the parents of the inmates pay fees.

Other complicated social structures in America are dealt with in too simplified a fashion. For example, Professor Spini of the University of Florence does not seem to have escaped from the Italian religious ambience quite completely enough. Apart from minor errors in the history of Mormonism, there are more serious errors: it was, in fact, the German Catholic immigrants who were regarded as the secular arm of the Holy Alliance and produced the first great anti-Catholic movements. And it is perhaps symptomatic that Professor Spini keeps on calling the late Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Gibbons. That eminent churchman wanted to give an example of the limitations of the fact that never on his visits to America he was ever given the proper name by any incumbent of the Holy See.

But apart from some inevitable slips and a possibly inevitable degree of mere high vulgarization, this book can be recommended and, in some cases, very warmly commended.

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International reactions

ROBERT RHODES JAMES (Editor): *The Czechoslovak Crisis, 1968*. 202pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 40s.

An Institute for the Study of International Organization was established by and at the University of Sussex in the summer of 1968. It was decided that an examination of the Czechoslovak crisis of last year should be undertaken since it had been expected to illuminate the working of "three major international organizations": the Warsaw Pact, Nato and the United Nations. The present book is the outcome, and Mr. Rhodes James rightly excuses it as something of an interim report; as such it is highly satisfactory, combining brevity and clarity with intelligent appraisal.

It is interesting to be reminded how similar the origins of both the Warsaw Pact and Nato were, and yet how differently they work. Both go back to the lack of a peace treaty since the end of the Second World War, to that division of Germany which the Soviet Union is so feverishly anxious to maintain. This division is of most vital importance to Poland, and it is fitting that the communist Pact should be named after Poland's capital city.

The evidence... suggests that the Pact was seen by the Soviet leaders at the time of its conclusion as having a primarily political role, but there are clear signs that from 1961 onwards the Russian aim was to enhance the military value of the Pact. A main cause for this was, of course, the rift between Russia and China. The occupation of Czechoslovakia in August, 1968, "showed the East Europeans, if they needed to be shown, that the [Warsaw] Pact is as much a limitation of their independence as a guarantee of their security." An article in *Pravda* last October equated the "Socialist Commonwealth" with the Warsaw Pact.

This study makes no attempt to conceal the Russians will say it is financed by rich Americans; that while the communist notion of coexistence is unconvincing, almost aggressive, Nato is genuinely aimed at a European détente. Whereas the summer of 1968 found the Warsaw Pact hardening into a Russian military instrument, it found Nato almost disintegrating. It was uncertain whether the United States was willing to act in Europe, French dissent was embarrassing, while Britain and the

Caribbean cataclysm

GORDON THOMAS and MAX MORRIS: *The Day the World Ended*. 308pp. Souvenir Press. 35s.

In May, 1902, the town of St. Pierre, Martinique, together with all but a handful of its 30,000 inhabitants, was annihilated by a volcanic disaster unparalleled in human history. The loss of life in Pompeii and Herculaneum was comparatively small, the population having evacuated the cities prior to the eruptions. It needed the ingenuity of civilized man to outdo this holocaust in Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

The eruption of a volcano is written down by insurance brokers as "an act of God". But the loss of life caused by the explosion of Mont Pelée, beneath whose 4,000ft. peak St. Pierre so snugly lay, was due entirely to the inaction of man. At the same time in the British Windward Islands of St. Vincent, the Soufrière volcano became active, though not on so violent a scale. The loss of life in St. Vincent was small and help was immediately forthcoming, because the conditions did not exist to minimize the danger. In Martinique the prevailing affairs of man caused all warnings of nature.

An election was due to take place in which the white establishment controlling the inappropriately named Progressive Party was for the first time being seriously challenged by the coloured Radical Party. Louis Marin Moultet, the Governor, had been in the island only seven months and was wholeheartedly behind the Progressive Party, whose compromise candidate Ferdinand Clère was a man of good, if not powerful, will. The leader of the Radicals was Senator Amédée Knight, a black businessman who was determined to make electoral capital by stressing the danger of the volcano as the Progressives by minimizing it. The only morally justified politician was Fer-

nand Clère, who realized the danger and fought for evacuation. The forces against him were too strong. Andréus Hurard, the editor of the only newspaper, put out a stream of Progressive lies. The local authorities, the police, the military, the so-called scientific experts were combined to prevent their spreading alarm and dependency throughout Martinique. Only the American consul realized the danger as fully as Ferdinand Clère, but his efforts to contact Theodore Roosevelt to put pressure on the French Government were frustrated by broken cables. The Roman Catholic priesthood, the only force strong enough to challenge the Governor and the Progressives, led the people in prayer but did nothing to save them by use of the brains which God had given them. The Viceroy-General was more interested in getting the Church's share of relief money, unaware that it was only 5,000 francs.

This storm in a Caribbean teacup was very small. The Governor had only to announce a postponement of the elections until the volcanic emergency was over in order to save St. Pierre. But the eruption of Mont Pelée was unique in the experience of scientists. Though the volcano had been active for three weeks, everyone was thinking in terms of lava flow, and the contours of the ground were such that St. Pierre would be immune. Instead Mont Pelée literally blew its top in a way unknown to previous observers.

It is easy to be wise after the event. The retrospect of the Titanic disaster reveals an appalling hubris: the overweening belief that man is master of the universe, the paralysis of self-absorbed human beings in face of disaster. The vulnerability of Martinique was due to the overriding fear of the white masters that they would be overwhelmed by then black challenges. In South Africa or Rhodesia, threatened with a natural

calamity, the same thing could happen today. Religiously, the disaster of St. Pierre poses in fact the same problem which Thornton Wilder posed in fiction with *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. It has some interesting facets: in the prison of St. Pierre was Auguste Ciparis, a young Negro condemned to death for the murder of a white *colono*. He saw his gibbet being constructed through his grille. He prayed that he would be spared, and the gibbet was shattered by a volcanic quake. The Governor decided to pardon him, as an electoral move. But he was confined in prison during the eruption and only survived after being buried for three days in volcanic ash. He lived for another twenty-seven years, which he spent in the barnum and Bailey Circus in the replica of his cell. A cobbler who loved animals was almost eaten

alive by desperate rats but finally, hiding in the cellar of his house, he survived the fate which overcame the woman on the ground floor whom he allowed to stay there because she had a bird in a cage. The woman and the bird were roasted.

The Day the World Ended has already sold three million copies in hardback in North America. Its jacket creates an impression of illiteracy with the subtitle: "The destruction of St. Pierre and all its [sic] 30,000 inhabitants". The text is not so depressing, despite "dysentery" and "hordes" spelt as *hords*. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Morgan-Watts have used the same technique as Walter Lord in his story of the Titanic disaster, *A Night to Remember*: quick cross-cutting of eye-witness experience. At times they cheat by describing what people felt or thought: the subject is sufficiently

sensational to make this unnecessary. The days leading up to the disaster were frightening enough with their invasions of the centipedes, the *fer-de-lance*, the slithering ants, the long centipedes, the *fer-de-lance* feasted by ravenous cats. With all the horrors of St. Pierre, which pax, one wonders, searching in vain for a non-Creole French word? Grand? Small? Châtaignier? The illustrations, as might be expected, of indifferent quality. But what should have been provided in order to make the tragedy easily intelligible is a full map, preferably on the papers, showing the relation of St. Pierre and Mont Pelée to Fort France. Considering the vauntedness of this book in North America, this is a shockingly production.

Wages are regular: there is no taint of irregularity about the bingo rewards of authorship, and even the nominally bi-annual statements made by publishers have been known to zig-zag around the calendar. Wages are governed by national agreements, debated by public boards, decided by Ministers: the authors of books, free from base collective restrictions and political interference, are at liberty to hit the jackpot with no more penalties than the taxman can provide and the accountant can annul, or to starve without so much as a go-slow, a walk-out, or a question in the House.

For many writers, of course, the making of books is something done on the side, a private fringe-benefit in the margin of some more financially dependable avocation. They follow Byron's advice, "never trust entirely to authorship", and these literary moonlighters have included some of the best writers of the day. But it is the people who do trust entirely to authorship who are my main concern, those primary authors (as I called them in a 1966 pamphlet on *The Book if Rivers*) who depend for a living on their books; and if you consider them as wage-earners their economic disadvantages— and their opportunities for injustice—collecting are glaringly apparent.

In their trade, working-hours are unlimited: no overtime is paid once they pass the fortieth hour (for some the week's halfway mark). There is no annual adjustment to meet the rise in the cost of living; no pension or

The writer considered as wage-earner

RICHARD FINDLATER

Author and compiler of "What are Writers Worth?"

superannuation scheme; no luncheon vouchers, entertaining allowance or subsidized meals. The closed shop is unheard of (and unthinkable): anybody can go in and out of the book-writing trade without any training, qualification or talent, and every year as more and more part-timers crowd in beside the professionals, so more titles compete for fewer outlets. There is no party to speak for them: those writers who do achieve political power tend rapidly to develop amnesia about the professional problems they espoused when out of office. There is no possibility of union action; if the Society

of Authors called out its members on strike and if they responded (two somewhat improbable eventualities) the book trade would tick on in just the same way until the strikers returned to their typewriters. And yet the wages that the majority earn would—if offered to the men who print, bind and sell their books—cause a general strike: no more than £500 a year, less than half the national average.

"Come off it" is an immediate and familiar reaction to that figure: I have often heard it, sometimes more elegantly phrased, since the Society of Authors published the relevant

statistics in 1966. Yet in the absence of the "national survey into the economics and psychology of authorship" which the T.L.S. proposed nineteen months ago, the best available evidence about the rewards of authorship is still provided by that survey, which indicated that, for instance, although two-thirds of the primary authors responding to its questionnaire had published four or more books, only half had averaged £10 a week in the two-year period under examination. It still appears to me to be true that, in spite of some changes in national attitude and some increase in the price of books, as I wrote then: "if Britain's authors had to depend for a living on their books alone, most of them would be living on National Assistance", or—as I may now add—on the more prestigious (though, to the editor of this journal, more contentious) doles handed out by the Arts Council. As Professor Roy Fuller recently reminded us at Oxford and in these columns, "there could be no greater danger than in imagining that our society is yet so organized as to owe the intellectual a living"; but that is one danger to which the book-writing intellectual should be immune.

Incredulity about the wages of authorship often resembles the scepticism one sometimes meets in the more sheltered reaches of the middle classes about the survival of poverty outside them. It can't be true that people are still really poor, other people argue with transparent sincerity: they've never seen any slums or under-fed children, and all the working class they know go to the Costa Brava every year, run at least one car and pay absolutely no rent. Similarly with authors: all those that the sceptics know get huge advances, earn thousands out of film rights and American book clubs, make a subsidiary killing out of lecturing and telly panelling, and rake in grants and prizes as well. Poor authors—like poor people in general—obviously deserve to be poor. If they've got no money, they've got no merit. They ought to give it up and stop moaning. Instead they will keep on producing books, just as the poor will insist on breeding. . . . For such

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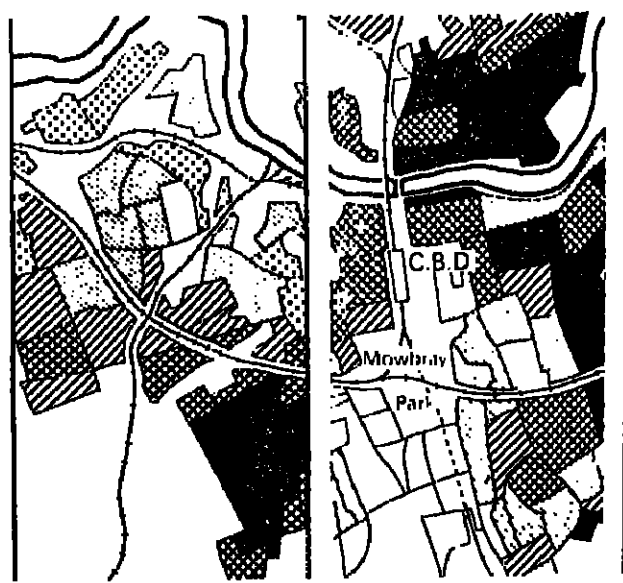
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objectors, the pampering of the writing classes has gone far enough.

It is true, of course, that too many unnecessary books are published every year (nearly seven times as many titles, annually, as a century ago); that some of the worst are also some of the most instantly successful; and that, in George Saintsbury's words, "there does not appear to be among the numerous fixed laws of the universe any one which regulates the proportion of literary desert to immediate reward" (though the end of that sentence—"it is on the whole, that it should be so"—is more open to question). But what is happening to authors in Britain is, perhaps, not unlike a process which has become too familiar to gloomier observers of the human condition elsewhere (even though here, as in everything, books are different): the rich are getting richer, and the poor are getting poorer.

For the few proved confectioners of instant multi-media successes in the field of fiction (and, increasingly, "fiction") there are likely to be bigger advances, bigger paperback deals, bigger offers for overseas editions and film rights, even television series and associated products. It requires no gift of prophecy or investment in economic research to know that before Mr. Harold Robbins does much more than think of a title for his next opus he will be paid more than Henry James, Joseph Conrad, and Virginia Woolf earned, collectively, in their writing lives; and to perceive that, in the 1970s, the richest publishers will spend ever larger fortunes on promoting the richest authors. More and more will be spent on fewer and fewer titles. To those that have that shall be given; and most of the havees live in America, where they are less severely taxed (and pursued).

Even in Britain the tiny handful at the top can keep rather more of their literary earnings from the taxman (instead of paying him more than 90 per cent in surtax and income tax combined) if they can catch the eye of a City group or conglomerate who will buy their copyrights, (as Bookers have done with the James Bond estate and Agatha Christie Ltd.) and, in addition to paying them a kind of annual wage, perhaps arrange family insurance, retirement and pension schemes, and indeed, a form of private welfare state which may be no more than economic justice. But this may be short-lived—until the next Finance Act.

Below the Jacqueline Susann level—or above it, depending on your point of view—the economic outlook is brighter, too, in some respects, for those who may have big names but small incomes. With the advent of the Arts Council grants and such sizeable new prizes as those awarded by Bookers and W. H. Smith, writers like V. S. Naipaul have a better hope of augmenting the relatively meagre return from their books with bonuses which will not only buy them writing time but, for a period, may boost their advances and even their sales. But there are still very few golden apples on the tree, the little windfalls seldom drop twice in the same bush, and where they fall is a matter of luck, accident and committee judgment.

In this alpha class of authorship there are also livelier prospects of earning on the side by taking up Residence at a university (even an English one); by selling manuscripts and typescripts to a university (not, usually, an English one); by appearing on television (though such performances are frequently not paid at all in the United States and near-as-dammit in the United Kingdom); and by selling books and articles abroad. As a general guess, it seems likely that the "Lucky Six"—as those authors earning on average more than £20 a week were facetiously called in *The Book Writers*—may now include a rather larger proportion of the bookwriting population; yet at the rosiest estimate it could be no bigger than (to keep the same style of packaging) a fortunate fifth.

So much for those at the top of the ladder and on the upper rungs: for the lower orders—not in talent, necessarily, but in earning power—the wages of writing seem to be as meagre as ever, and the prospect is indeed a little murkier than it appeared in 1966.

Among the living authors of the books now sold every year at home and abroad (say, 2,000 million) and borrowed from British public

libraries (say, 600 million "issues" annually) there are, of course, many housewife amateurs of pin-money romance, pulp-hacks of third-hand sex and sadism, ghosted celebrities and would-be celebrities, makers of pointless journeys and chroniclers of useless lives, regurgitators of historical, critical and political banalities; and it may well be argued that we should not worry about them (though, when the common fallibility of the critical snobism is considered, the argument seems a dangerous one). The underpaid majority of bookwriters, however, clearly include hundreds of unmistakable, if unspectacular, talents, whose books sell from 800 to 5,000 copies, may never go into paperback, win a star prize or a Book Club selection, or be bought for a film or a television series, but which may, all the same, be an indispensable part of the book trade, our literary heritage, the tradition of Western culture, or what you will: the base of the pyramid. What their authors lack is a talent for financial success: and the penalty for failure is becoming even more severe, while the chance of achieving it increases.

In theory, every deserving author now stands a rather better chance in the literary lottery (if not from his book sales) than of getting a tax rebate for research or a prize on a Premium Bond. Now that the Literature Panel has been established, Panglossians seem to believe, all authors below the Eldorado level are equal: those who cannot sell books can make ends meet with Arts Council aid—if not, television, paperback and the American market are at the disposal of any able-bodied performer. Prices continue to edge upwards, and resale price maintenance has been secured. On the horizon is P.L.R., The Chancellor of the Exchequer is an author, a poet and two publishers were knighted in the last Honours List. What more could anyone ask?

One might well ask, in fact, for a public which bought books in addition to borrowing them. About 80 per cent of the population never so much as enter a bookshop: for millions a "book" still means a magazine. The book-buying minority, never perceptibly zealous or large, is getting even smaller and more sluggish: while prices go up, sales go down. As Mr. Michael Sissons said recently:

Authors who were selling six or seven thousand copies of each new book ten years ago, may now sell around four or five thousand copies. The gap is widening between the totally unprofitable and the extremely profitable novel.

One result of this dwindling market may be—among novelists at least—a turn to other media. According to Mr. Sissons:

The authors of most of the first novels for which we have been responsible in 1967 are now involved either in a film treatment, or a television play, in which they are working out themes which would previously have been prevented as short stories. This trend is bound to continue.

For those who can comfortably straddle several media, the financial advantages (though less uniformly Rockefellerish than the pop press suggests) are temptingly obvious. There may be a bit less glory in writing a film treatment (and watching its later transformations) than in producing the kind of novel that is respectfully reviewed in the posh Sundays and the weeklies, but publishers cannot pay the thousands on the nail, before publication, that film-makers can provide. The life of a television play may be nasty and brutish and is certainly short: it offers few of the book dreams of consequential loot from runaway American success and Book of the Month selections; but what it can offer is up to £1,000 down—at least twice as much as a general advance on a novel—with the possibility of later renewal, especially to those experts in metamorphosis who can squeeze cheque after cheque from the same primal seed in successive forms.

All-rounders at home in every medium are still, however, a small, acrobatic elite—although the falacy persists that a really good writer can be a success in any form, that if you can write a book you can, *ipso facto*, write for the cinema, the stage, radio and television. Just as many husbands are (whatever their aspirations) tadpole-monogamous, so many

writers are restricted to one channel: disaster lies outside their marriage, the novel, play or biography. Literary promiscuity (or diversification) cannot yet—for most authors—be a sufficient remedy for the resistance to spend money on books.

Paperbacks are no panacea; sition from hard to soft covers no means an automatic process; over warmly a book's debut have been received; only a handful of professionals regularly appear in paperback.

The tale of woe continues with shrinking of outlets, for the imaginative writer in the press, on television, and in radio. Although the use of trade, technical and educational periodicals is growing, with the expansion of the information industry, the erosion of the general magazine and literary review continues. There are, it seems, fewer opportunities for the author (as performer or writer) around radio, and fewer still in dictation, as a likely result of the shake-up at Broadcasting House; the quality press expands, the magazine space for books contracts, while in such popular papers as *Daily Mail* the book pages have usually disappeared—all of it apart from its significance as a symptom of the way we live now: repercussions on the wages of writers.

Meanwhile the cost of writing distinct from the cost of living is on the rise. The author of books pays more for his paper, postage, travel, and the rent of his home; more for the books, papers, magazines and subscriptions that are among his essential tools for his membership of the fare state (if self-employed); for the typing of his manuscripts; cannot claim any allowance from taxman for the money he spends acquiring raw material by "taintment". If he suddenly meets a lucky strike, say, a book may have taken him three years to write, rewrite and sell—he is limited to spread some of the cost for tax purposes, over a period of three years; but that is all. In desperation, faced with a falling come and a shrinking market, he is tempted to raise money by the outright sale of his copyrights, he is tempted to make a "book" out of his proceeds as if it was income; literary agent or his publisher's their businesses, free of tax, the prime specimen for the collector.

If it is as bad as that, why do people go on writing books? (It want to be mischievous, why do they get on with it (and stop plugging with the sanctity of the library)? If a lot of them squeezed out, say the "realists" much the better. But can we be— even though books are different that it is the fittest who will survive? Can we be satisfied with an empty book industry, steadily increasing its profits from the export trade, the educational market, and with biggest public library system in the world, investing thousands in buildings and machinery, when majority of the authors who write them find it so desperately hard to earn a living wage from their books?

It could be argued that our society has not yet adapted itself to the existence of a class of professional writers, a relatively recent phenomenon. It could also be argued that, in the new era of mechanization and visualization, book-authors become increasingly superfluous except as salaried employees of big and private corporations. But the thing is clear, it is that there is to be an increasingly painful process of adjustment between authors on one hand and, on the other, the further extensions of the educational system, of printing technology, and of the concentration of ownership in the publishing industry. It is the author who will have a most of the adjusting: mean while, wage rate—unlike the casual labour—will remain low.

The gold Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts, which has been awarded to Sir Allen Lane for his contributions to publishing education. Sir Allen, the publisher to the State, was instituted in 1884, and was given to him in recognition of his work in English literature more than thirty years after retirement.

POLICE

Fuzz

JAMES Q. WILSON: *Varieties of Police Behavior*. 309pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 2s.

Professor Wilson has understandably concentrated (after wider inquiry) his study of police styles on only eight of the 40,000 or so law enforcement agencies in the United States, taking six from New York State, one from California and one from Illinois. The English reader, accustomed to the basic uniformity of British police forces, can only marvel at the huge unevenness of American policing. Our own tradition of local control of police has long been interwoven with a tradition of central coordination which has barely begun in America, though there is much activity in Washington to further the efficiency of state and other local police agencies. The task will be enormous.

These eight surveys have enabled the author to distinguish three principal styles, and his contribution to the typology of police is extremely interesting. In Albany, Amsterdam and Newburgh he found the "watchman" style, where the maintenance of order rather than the enforcement of the law is the police department's main preoccupation. Here the patrolman's "desire" to keep his nose clean is reinforced by the department's desire "not to rock the boat". Lesser offences are ignored, but the police are tough in graver cases. The pay is low and policemen take second jobs: in 1967 the Albany police chief earned \$9,800 while a sergeant in Nassau County earned more than \$10,000.

In Oakland, Highland Park and to a growing extent in Syracuse, Professor Wilson found the "legalistic" style, where the patrolman is expected to enforce the law as opposed to merely maintaining order, and the police act on the assumption that there is a single standard of community conduct, prescribed by law, instead of making allowances as in the "watchman" style. More arrests and citations result, and the patrolman's natural inclination to under-enforce the law is combated by "rather strenuous administrative efforts" to keep him up to the mark (by no means with complete success). Juvenile delinquency is treated formally rather than familiarly. The force seeks to keep out of politics by uniform enforcement of all the law all the time. Technical efficiency is apparent; the men are smarter; recruiting standards are higher.

In Brighton and Nassau County, homogeneous, middle-class communities, Professor Wilson found the "service" style, where the police take seriously all requests for either law enforcement or order maintenance, but are less likely to make

arrests or impose other formal sanctions. The nature of the community enables the police to assess what is required of them—and to provide it. In Nassau County an unusually large amount of foot patrol goes on because the citizens like it. The image of efficiency and consideration is assiduously cultivated in terms of men, buildings and services, with keen public relations policies and great emphasis on courtesy. Recruiting standards are high, pay is good and every encouragement is given to training.

This is surely one of the most informative books about the police ever written by a layman. The author clearly gained the confidence of the officers he approached and he writes with exceptional insight. He has even ventured into the difficult, uncharted field of police discretion and made good sense: "The patrolman's decision whether and how to intervene in a situation depends on his evaluation of the costs and benefits of various kinds of action." To those stern idealists who insist that the police have no discretion he presents the facts of the matter and goes on to distinguish the determinants.

He asks why policemen regard almost any kind of work as preferable to ordinary patrol and while he is certainly aware of the obvious answers he adds to them another: because the task is not clear-cut, as are those of the motor patrol, the detective, and the headquarters officer. The police chief is sharply observed, too, in a role made difficult by the fact that "the police share with most other public agencies... an inability to assess accurately the effectiveness of their operations".

The author is well aware that the police is only a small part of the complex which determines the nature of communal order—a point excellently made by Professor Michael Banton in a book which Professor Wilson has clearly found very suggestive, *The Policeman in the Community* (1964).

Varieties of Police Behavior is a rich, sophisticated book by an author unusually able to tackle the comprehensiveness and interdependence of the issues which affect police performance, and his analysis and conclusions have much to teach the police in connection with their relations with the general public and minorities. His view of the power of politics in police affairs is especially interesting in the light of the common assumption that the American police are politically oriented. He finds political influence to be "more indirect than deliberate", in spite of instances of interference and party pull. His demonstration of police forces as close corporations with a professional resistance to change from without carries conviction.

Flics

MICHELLE MANCAUX: *Les policiers parlent*. 235pp. Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1967.

After the May "events" of 1968, Michelle Mancaux interviewed six French policemen with a view to finding out, in short, "How can one be a policeman?" This she glosses as, "How can one, with a good conscience and in the name of the public good, use violence?"

The men in question were selected from the lower and middle ranks, being less likely than their superiors to adorn the truth or to escape generalities. Those who finally agreed to sit down with the tape-recorder were a detective nearing retirement, two Special Branch officers (one a senior N.C.O. and one a junior N.C.O. of the civilian riot police, the C.R.S.).

The interviewer made a good job of her task: the policemen gave a frank account of themselves, French policemen, aiding considerably. A picture very different from the Gaullist image of police as "des fascistes", "salués", or "des assassins". The interviewer concluded, putting their humanity to the test, that any brutality and repressive was not their fault but that of an authoritarian state. So far as

violence was concerned, the policemen took the view that as members of a disciplined service they would carry out their orders regardless of their own political sympathies and their feeling for their opponents.

Fortunately, the questions put to them extended over a wider field and sought to elicit information about their work in general, their careers and their outlook. The book's main interest, indeed, lies in its reflection of French police duty, though this is inevitably circumscribed. Obviously the author's choice was influenced by the May riots; but it seems to have been even more limited by the difficulty of getting interviewees at all. Why otherwise should a detective have been included? Why was there no one from the uniformed branch of the Paris police? The absence of anyone from the Gendarmerie Nationale was no doubt due to the army's regulations.

Even so, it is possible from these sources to form a picture of a police committed to the surveillance of organizations, and individuals, and to "keeping" in reserve many thousands of men to meet trouble when it comes. There is also an impression of the gulf between the lower ranks and the ranks of commissaires and above, and an impression of too many diverse and uncoordinated operational situations.

Jonathan Cape

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Elementary truths

LISTER PEARSON: *Peace in the Family of Man*. 104pp. British Broadcasting Corporation. 21s.

The selectors of Reith lectures seem to have two alternative stereotypes in mind: the brilliant maverick and the safe heavyweight. In 1968 they played safe and chose Mr. Lester Pearson, formerly Prime Minister of Canada and an international statesman of great distinction. Presumably the result is very much what they wanted: Mr. Pearson is eminent, experienced, wise and humane; but he is more than a little dull. The sad truth is that almost any devotee of the United Nations could have written these high-minded, ponderous lectures. They reflect almost none of the depth of Mr. Pearson's long experience, apart from occasional anecdotes, such as the warning from a Canadian delegate when he was President of the General Assembly to stick to geometrical doodling because the television camera was on his hand. Even the account of his finest hour, when the Emergency Force in the Middle East was organized in forty-eight hours on his initiative in 1956, is disappointingly devoid of personal excitement.

The comments of the six lectures are of course impeccable. Their titles are in most cases a competent summary of their arguments: "Peace in the Family of Man" (a good thing); "The balance of fear" (a bad thing, at any rate in the long run); "The United States of the world" (a good thing, but far off); "A poor thing but our own" (the United Nations); Only occasionally is there a surprising judgment: for instance, Mr. Pearson seems to regard the world as still dominated by a bipolar system of power based on Washington and Moscow.

The best of the six lectures is perhaps the fourth, on "Co-operation through economics". Mr. Pearson rightly stresses that co-operation is a reciprocal process, laying obligations on receivers as well as givers. The discipline of loans may therefore be more salutary than free grants, and trade is certainly the best aid. In one of his few pungent phrases, he warns developing countries that "Good guidance" and "Please help" are not easily reconcilable. He is also far-sighted about the inherent contradictions in the attitude of the rich towards the poorer powers. Viet-

nam, he argues, "represents the worst and the best sides of our contemporary world, both operating at the same time". Apart from a rhetorical question, that is the last sentence of the lecture on "Co-operation through economics". It is rather characteristic of Mr. Pearson's manner to end with an accurate diagnosis but no prescription.

Such prescriptions as he has to offer in the final lecture are unfortunately without novelty. There must be weighted voting in the United Nations; there must also be Regional Assemblies subordinate to the General Assembly. In other areas of international relations, there must be further efforts towards an East-West détente; armaments must be reduced; Britain must enter the Euro-

Polished nightmares

GORE VIDAL: *Reflections Upon a Sinking Ship*. 255pp. Heinemann. £3.38.

When last heard of, the boat was still rocking. Now Gore Vidal has shot these distress signals from a sinking ship. French letters! Miss Susan Sontag! Mr. John O'Hara! The Holy (Kennedy) Family! Public Television! The Miami convention! The urge to rush for the lifeboats is hardly overwhelming.

This is, after all, a triennial omnium-gatherum of articles (from the *TLS*, *New York Review of Books*, *New Statesman*, *Esquire*, *The Reporter*, &c.); the note of hysteria is mainly segregated to a preface and concluding manifesto. The wholesome sandwich between consists of astute, old-fashioned liberal journalism spiced with an old-fashioned urge to puncture the affluent, imperial, puritan pretensions of his fellow American-Way-of-Lifers.

Why, then, the hullabaloo? What haunts Gore Vidal is the old Malthusian nightmare:

Nearly half the human beings ever born are now alive, breeding like bacteria under optimum conditions. As a result, the planet's air, water, and earth are being poisoned and used up, and there are those who believe

pean Economic Community, crises in the Middle East and East Asia must be solved; along towards national sovereignty must be modified; and above all, the young must be persuaded to participate in breaking them up. It must be said that Mr. Pearson's great devotion was not really needed to set out these elementary truths. It has been more helpful if he devoted his experience to explain the paradox in his final paragraph. These state that "we must reach a point where we consider war between countries as civil war", and they need to invoke the support of national institutions such as the United Nations, which are founded on the basis of pure nationalism.

It is already too late to save the fools.

The solution:

a world authority must be established to limit births, while allowing, simultaneously, the restoration in favour of the planet's ecological balance. Needless to say, this new order will create a society more oppressive than any man has so far envisaged, and what little is of value in our civilization is certain to be spoiled by managers.

The prophet's role is to know a pair; which is why I personally myself vacillating between long Rome and raging in New York. In Rome he ponders the Venetian public ideal; in New York he hurls state legislatures to recognize "that under our constitution... Bill of Rights private morals are the law's affair". The individual, it is, may destroy himself; human must be preserved. "In fact, all that should be made available to the warning as to their effect, and the who want to kill themselves should be allowed to do so"; the technician would laboratory, like a hospital, must survive.

With the death-wish weighing heavily, it is difficult to see why these essays raise questions, they are too well groomed to disturb. Glaring they may be, but have original. They remain to the "reflections".

Scenarios for Europe

ALASTAIR BUCHAN (Editor): *Europe's Futures, Europe's Choices*. 167pp. Chatto and Windus for the Institute for Strategic Studies. 30s.

The best thing by far about *Europe's Futures, Europe's Choices* is the idea behind it. The notion of probing into the future, as an occupation for serious researchers rather than mere novelists like Verne or Orwell, is already widely accepted in the United States, where what comes out of the "think tanks" is often an ingredient in policy-making. In Europe, although some centres of professional "futurology" are beginning to be developed, notably in Holland and Norway, they are still remote from national or European policy-making.

It was thus potentially rewarding to take a series of scenarios for the European of the 1970s, ranging from "evolutionary Europe" (a high-latitude word for muddling through) to "atlantized" and "fragmented" Europe, to a final "independent federal" Europe. Yet the result, instead of being exciting, is infuriating, and instead of opening up new horizons of political thinking about European strategic, political and economic future, these being the areas usually covered, returns the reader restlessly and discouragingly to the present.

The first reason for the failure is purely technical. Establishing models, and making them credible and readily distinguishable, requires considerable intellectual rigour and precision: the imaginary world must be created first and can then be examined. Instead, throughout the book, we find the authors switching,

even within chapters, from the futurologist's present tense ("partnership Europe is a Europe where...") to the political commentator's conditional ("For the United States, Europe des Etats would imply a major change..."). The first style, if kept up, continually stimulates interest, like a voyage through a strange land. The second is deadly dull. The problem could perhaps have been solved by some coherent sub-editing, but in fact these difficulties of style seem to reflect problems of conception. In the end what we are offered is not really a set of different possible Europes, but a series of thorough analyses of conceptions of Europe and the Atlantic area, and how they should run their affairs, which co-exist today.

It is perhaps inevitable that the authors' own preferences should peep through all the time. In fact, we are not left to judge the models for ourselves, but given a little nudging now and again even while they are being constructed. There is an underlying prejudice throughout, which no attempt is made to hide, in favour of any system which keeps Europe and the United States close and friendly. This attachment to America comes out very clearly in a sentence which begins "To that extent *Framed Europe* would be a Western Europe... many of whose governments (Norway and West Germany, Italy and Britain, Turkey, and the United States, for instance)... surely a Freudian slip. When we get to an "independent federal Europe" we are told without more ado, in the first line, that "this is the most artificial of the six models".

In the end, the real failing is an almost total lack of what is surely

THE SCIENCE MATTER of economics is the welfare of human beings. The most arid mathematical economist, plying his trade in conformity with its prescribed methods, cannot escape this fact: at the end of his exercise, he must interpret its findings in terms of the satisfaction of human needs, desires, and aspirations. If he cannot do this, he can hardly be called a member of the fraternity of economists; or, if we are to be more lenient with him, we may say that his continued membership depends on the existence of some fellow economist, who understands both the mathematics involved and human nature.

And what of human nature? The soul, *animula, vagula, blandula*, can be understood only by persons of sensitive imagination. But that is not the end of the matter. The profession of economist comprises the art of communication. A sensitive understanding of human nature is of no avail, unless its lineaments can be translated into words; and a good translation calls for literary powers of high quality.

The nature of the written materials, to the study of which economists themselves devote most of their time, has been changing somewhat. Articles in learned journals have long since replaced books; more recently mimeographed essays, issued in advance of publication, if any, by the research unit of one university to the professors of other universities all over the world, have come to constitute the main matter for reading, at least among theoretical economists. Those of more practical bent may devote their time to the current publications of the International Monetary Fund, the Bank for International Settlements, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the Bundesbank, the Bank of England, &c.

In this way economists refurbish their own thinking. There remains the problem of communication with those outside their profession. The chain of communication between nuclear physicists and the engineers of nuclear reactors may be all in technical terms. But in economics the analogues of the engineers are party

How can economists communicate?

ROY HARROD

Economist and biographer of J. M. Keynes

politicians, civil servants and journalists. For them the technical terms of economics have to be translated, and the arts of lucidity and persuasion have to be brought into play. The twentieth century has given us one great exponent of these arts in the person of John Maynard Keynes. It is just possible—I would not be dogmatic—that in recent years economists have not appreciated the growing technicality of their intramural interchange by a corresponding growth in their powers of lucidity and persuasion, for the benefit of the outside public. And it is just possible that this is the reason why the economic affairs of this country and the world have got into what is widely regarded as "a mess".

The *animula vagula blandula* must be further considered. Some economists hold that no imaginative understanding is required, because

human needs can be docketed simply by reference to how people behave in shops. There they are presented with a variety of objects at stated prices and their observed choices tell us all we have to know about their needs. This is the market economy. Happily it does play a very useful part. But it does not cover the whole ground.

Economic welfare does not constitute all of human welfare. There are forms of welfare, like friendship, which lie outside its domain. Some have sought to delimit its scope by confining it to goods capable of being exchanged. But this is too narrow. One may think of a fully communist society, not yet realized in practice, in which exchange played no part: yet there would be "economic" problems. An alternative definition of economics, wider and deeper in scope, is that it consists in the study of the problem of the allocation of

available productive resources to the satisfaction of alternative needs.

We have now living an economist of great literary gifts, Professor Kenneth Galbraith, who has devoted his powers of lucidity and persuasion to recommending that, anyhow in the United States, a greater proportion of productive resources should be devoted to "goods", not susceptible of exchange but provided by the "public sector", like clean air, clean water, public parks, &c. This is an instance where a sensitive understanding of human nature combined with a power to delineate that understanding in words has helped an economist to achieve a task of persuasion appropriate to his profession.

Other examples of the inadequacy of the market-place to provide all the knowledge needed may be given. In general, good working conditions and

high productivity go together. But there may also be cases of conflict, in which the squeezing out of some extra output may make working conditions less pleasant. There is a trade-off between a less agreeable working day and the production of more material goods, and a sensitive understanding may be needed to present the problem in its right light and adjudicate upon it. "Trade-off" is this a word that should be used in an article on good writing? It is becoming increasingly used in economic publications. While having an initial prejudice against neologisms, I think that a new word, which manifestly makes good sense, for which a substitute could be found only in an elaborate subordinate clause, and which does no violence, in grammar or derivation, to the traditions of the language, should be accepted.

A few days ago a friend (who is not an economist) said to me how "far-fetched and disgraceful" it was that a trade union had recently got away with a veto on night shifts in a particular trade, on the ground that they would harm the "social life" of the workers concerned. I thought to myself: "Come along, Kenneth Galbraith, and help me with your powers of persuasion."

The next illustration is a more subtle one. What is the gain in the psychological well-being of any worker resulting from the fact that he can refuse to work without punishment, in accordance with the Act of 1906, compared with the loss of production due to wild-cat strikes? It might be said that this is within the domain of sociology; unfortunately this is not yet a strict discipline. Rather it is a question of delicate understanding of human nature. Perhaps I exaggerate in thinking the loss of the sense of freedom involved to be anything but trivial.

I give another example: What is the trade-off—to use this word again!—between an increase in unemployment and an improvement in our balance of payments? As an economist, viewing both sides of the trade-off, I have no doubt of the answer. The improvement in the balance of payments due to a given

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amount of increase in unemployment would be trivial by comparison with the loss in the output of goods and services due to that increase in unemployment. But that is not the end of the matter. A good writer is needed to bring home to the politicians and journalists what a hideous amount of additional, and unnecessary, human suffering is entailed by an increase of unemployment.

It has to be admitted that themes of this kind do not belong to the central core of economics. There, the reader cannot be carried along on a smooth stream of well-chosen words, as he may be in a history or a novel. He may have to be brought up with a jolt, so that his brain may grapple with a complicated relation. For instance, he may need to understand that a curve showing the long-run cost of producing each of all possible different quantities of a given commodity is the envelope of the family of curves showing the immediate or short-run costs of producing any of those quantities. And there are much more abstruse relations than that which have to be grasped.

Even in more immediate practical matters the mind has to be arrested in order to give thought; all that good writing can contribute is lucidity. The "forward" rate of exchange of one currency with another is the rate at which an individual can make a bargain in the market for obtaining a certain quantity of one currency at some future date in exchange for the same of the other currency at that date. The forward rate is not usually the same as the "spot" rate, namely that at which one currency can be exchanged for another by immediate tender. But the two rates normally bear a specific relation to each other. The forward rate at which dollars can be obtained for sterling, for example, is normally, but not always, equal to the spot rate, plus the amount by which the short-term rate of interest in the United States, calculated over the period of time in question exceeds the short-term rate of interest in London, or minus the amount by which the American rate falls short of the British rate. The matter is further complicated for the reader when he is told that in recent times, the rates of interest used for the foregoing computation are not those just stated, but the rates of interest in the Euro-dollar and Euro-sterling markets. And there has not yet, I believe, been any writer with sufficient precision of thought to define exactly the boundaries of the Euro-dollar market.

It may be appropriate to give a few quotations from the grand old masters. Keynes once said that "Ricardo was the greatest mind that had found economics worthy of it." Ricardo was indeed our greatest economist. But the Keynes dictum should be amended to "the greatest mind that had found economics worthy of all its literary effort." David Hume was a greater mind than Ricardo. His essays on economics (1741) anticipate much of the theories of Adam Smith (1776). His immortal works on philosophy and his magisterial *History of England* have made his style familiar, with its crispness, muscle and evidence of unremitting thought. He did not write in studied epigrams, so that a continuing passage is needed to illustrate him. In the following, he is arguing that a more civilized country, despite its luxurious living, is also likely to be stronger in military terms.

Every thing in the world is purchased by labour, and our passions are the only cause of labour. When a nation abounds in manufactures and mechanick arts, the proprietors of land, as well as the farmers, study agriculture as a science, and redouble their industry and attention. The superfluity which arises from their labour is not lost, but is exchanged with mankind's luxury, and makes them covet. By this means, land turns a great deal more of the necessary of life than what suffices for those who cultivate it. In times of peace and tranquillity, this superfluity goes to the maintenance of manufactures, and the improvement of liberal arts. But in times of war, for the public to convert many of these manufacturers into soldiers, and many of these liberal arts into military science, is to the sovereign, a ruin. When the sovereign raises an army, what is the consequence? He imposes a

tax. This tax obliges all the people to renounce what is least necessary for their subsistence. Those who labour in such commodities must either enlist in the troops, or turn themselves to agriculture, and thereby oblige some other labourers to enlist for want of business. . . . In a state without manufacturers, all the labour is bestowed upon necessities, which can admit of little or no abatement.

With some slight changes of wording, this analysis (1741) has its relevance to the relative military potentials of England, Germany and Russia in the Second World War.

Adam Smith is usually regarded as the founder of economics, as it has been understood in England, and indeed, in a number of other countries for nearly two centuries. His views have had continuing influence; there are some who think that they are having just a little too much influence at the present moment. He was a very fine writer, if not quite of the quality of Hume. He had a more expansive and easier style.

With regard to profusion, the principle which prompts to expense, is the passion for present enjoyment; which, though sometimes violent and very difficult to be restrained, is in general only momentary and occasional. But the principle which prompts to save is the desire of bettering our condition, a desire which, though generally calm and dispassionate, comes with us from the womb, and never leaves us, till we go into the grave. In the whole interval, which separates those two moments, there is scarce perhaps a single instant in which any man is so perfectly and completely satisfied with his situation, as to be without any wish of alteration or improvement of any kind. An augmentation of fortune is the means by which the greater part of men propose and try to better their condition. . . . It is the means, the most vulgar and the most obvious; and the most likely way of augmenting their fortune, is to save and accumulate some part of what they acquire, either regularly and annually, or upon some extraordinary occasions. Though the principle of expense, therefore, prevails in almost all men upon almost all occasions, yet in the greater part of men, taking the whole course of their life at an average, the principle of frugality seems not only to predominate, but to predominate very greatly.

In deference, one must quote from our greatest economist, David Ricardo. A stockbroker by trade, he did not have the wide background of culture of Adam Smith, nor the professor's leisure to be expansive and summon up his powers of imagination. But he knew how to write with complete lucidity and relevance. I take my quotation from the early pages of his first publication (1811)—the first, apart from his letters to the *Morning Chronicle* (1809)—which may be regarded as responsible for the gold standard based on convertibility after the Napoleonic wars. But he wanted to replace the use of gold coin as the main medium of internal circulation by paper notes; we may think of some who now want, although perhaps less advisedly, to replace gold as the medium of international settlement by international paper notes.

If, instead of a mine being discovered, a bank were established, such as the Bank of England, with the power of issuing its notes for a circulatory medium; after a large amount had been issued, either by way of loan to merchants, or by advances to government, thereby adding considerably to the sum of money in the country, the same effect would follow as in the case of the mine. The circulating medium would be lowered in value, and goods would experience a proportionate rise. The equilibrium between that and other nations would only be restored by the exportation of part of the coin.

The establishment of the bank and the consequent issue of the notes therefore, as well as the discovery of the mine, would operate as an increment to the exportation either of bullion or of coin, and be beneficial only in so far as that object may be accomplished. The bank substitutes a currency of no value for one most costly, and enables us to turn very necessary part of our capital, yield no revenue into a capital which will yield one.

for others which may be made productive. . . . Jeavons, simultaneously with, but independently of Karl Menger of Vienna, formulated (1871) the doctrine of marginal utility and other marginal principles which have constituted fundamental propositions of economic theory. He also made many quantitative investigations, especially in regard to the trade cycle. The following passage, written almost 100 years ago, seeks to bring good cheer to those aspiring to make economics a fully quantitative science. It has taken quite a long time for his words to have influence in practice.

Many will object, no doubt, that the notions which we treat in this science are incapable of any measurement. We cannot weigh, nor gauge, nor test the feelings of the mind: there is no unit of labour, or of suffering, or enjoyment. It might thus seem that mathematical theory of Economics would be necessarily deprived for ever of numerical data.

I answer, in the first place, that nothing is less warranted in science than an uninquiring and unhoping spirit. In matters of this kind, those who despair are almost invariably those who have never tried to succeed. A man might be described as having spent a lifetime on a difficult task without a gleam of encouragement; but the popular opinions on the extension of mathematical theory tend to deter any man from attempting tasks which, however difficult, ought, some day, to be achieved. . . . If we trace the history of other sciences, we gather no lessons of discouragement. In the case of almost everything which is now a science, we can go back to the age when the vaguest notions prevailed. Previous to the time of Pascal, who would have thought of measuring *doubt and belief*? Who could have conceived that the investigation of petty games, of chance would have led to the creation of probability? There are sciences which even within the memory of men now living, have become exactly quantitative. While Quensay and Baudouin and Le Trosne and Condillac were founding Political Economy in France, and Adam Smith in England, electricity was a vague phenomenon, which was known, indeed, to be capable of becoming greater or less, but was not measured nor calculated: it is within the past forty or fifty years that a mathematical theory of electricity, founded on exact data, has been established.

Walter Bagehot has a recognized place in the history of our nineteenth-century writing, mainly, at present, because of his studies in literature and philosophy. His more enduring claim to fame is likely to be his writing on money, consisting of leading articles in the *Economist*, which made the reputation of that newspaper, and culminating in his little gem, a "classic" of economics, *Lombard Street* (1873). It is generally agreed that his persistent advocacy over many years was responsible for a change of policy on the part of the Bank of England. Who could do that now? Already in 1866 the Bank handled the Overend and Gurney crisis better than it had handled the previous five major crises in the period since the Napoleonic wars, and, after that, owing to the implementation of Bagehot's maxims, we have had no major domestic crises of a similar character.

The rough and vulgar structure of English commerce is the secret of its life; for it contains the social as in the animal kingdom, is the principle of progress. (*Lombard Street*, page 10.)

In the case of Keynes, whose writings appeared within the memories of many now alive, it is not necessary to paint the lily: The slump in trade and employment and the business losses which are being incurred are as bad as the worst which have ever occurred in the modern history of the world. No country is exempt. The privation, and what is exempt, worse—the anxiety which exists today in millions of homes all over the world. In the three chief industrial countries of the world, Great Britain, Germany and the United States, I estimate that probably 12,000,000 industrial workers stand idle. But I am not sure that there is not even more human misery today in the great agricultural countries of the world—Canada, Australia and South America, where millions of small farmers see prices of their products fall to the receipts after harvest bring them much less than the crops have cost them to produce. . . . A week or two ago, it is reported, wheat in Liverpool sold at the lowest price recorded since the reign of Charles II. and plan 250 years ago. How is it possible for farmers to live

in such conditions? Of course, impossible. . . . When Dr. Johnson, twenty years ago, said, "I don't eat this that eggs are plenty in your stable," he was right. . . . Cheapness, which is due to the efficiency and skill in the way of production is indeed a benefit. . . . But it is one of the greatest disasters which can possibly befall a nation.

Is it pessimistic to think that there is a tendency towards a decay of quality in those parts of our writing that are not strictly technical? But this one is driven, the further question—has there been a decline in the quality of writing generally? If this is the case, it is not necessarily a decline in the potential of the authors. It may be due to change of attitude, or emphasis on progress and proliferation of style, which, although having its own complex logical structure, is based on facts. Then there are the common-or-garden facts of daily life. May the influence of science be the cause of over-emphasis on "hard facts" and an emphasis on the function of the, as such? If all that is worth saying can be learnt only by exact or mathematical calculation, seems to leave thinking, as we know it through generations of human history, with very little. A decline of thinking would be a decline of writing. It is often the case that the mind is not used to find the *mot juste* is identical with the effort of the mind to understand the real nature of the thing to be described. You find the right word, and it throws a flood of light on the psychology of the person or the persons about whom you have been thinking.

There are some bits of wisdom that thinking, as such, is going of fashion. In offices there is a tendency to group a great many workers together in one large room so that they are mutually visible. How can they think in such an environment? It may be that office work does not call for thinking, anyhow for the beechelons; but is that really so? Surely even the humblest clerk has a problem. The process of thinking often has bodily manifestations, from which the world thinker would be inhibited if he were other people around.

Take again, the minute size of rooms, provided in Halls of Residence in most modern universities around the world. It may be that no more can be afforded; but much more was actually afforded in the older universities, when the student per head of the population was a tiny fraction of what it is today. Moreover, many millions of pounds are lavished on other parts, and more essential parts, of universities: buildings. No; there has been a change of values. Thinking has been downgraded, and it is no longer considered essential that a student should have a study in which he has room to think. One may even go farther, and begin to doubt whether many people any longer know what thinking really is. Another example of the vast extent of external glass windows, so that the inmate can be seen and known by his fellows, and drawn, willy-nilly, to those purposes by.

I recall a remark made to me by the philosopher, A. N. Whitehead, a time when he had a flat in Chelsea. He did not suffer from vast windows; his were of a normal Victorian character. He told me, when he wanted to do a bit of thinking, he was, after all, one of the greatest thinkers. He turned his chair with its back to the window, so as to focus his thoughts. This was not quite suitable in my own case, as I must be in a place where my mind is not distracted by the sight of a moving object.

Laboratory experiments, even quantitative, computers, all these things and places are indispensable if thinking dwindles and finally disappears, we may be sure, and the quality of writing will decline, and also the wisdom with which it seeks to solve the grave problems of social relations.

Unmodish iniquities

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL: *The Shearers*. 200pp. 25s. Hamilton.

A murder trial is in progress. The people in the dock are members of a large working-class family, lacking in skill and other advantages. They live near Middlebrough, and are notorious in their neighbourhood for incestuous relationships. Many years ago two sisters had each borne a child to their own father; this man, a Yorkshire shepherd, had thus become both father and grandfather to Jessie Shearer and her half-brother, Tom Shearer. Tom and Jessie became husband and wife and produced 17 children. Some of these children, now grown up, are on trial alongside their mother, accused of murdering at least one of their grandmothers.

Rayner Heppenstall seems to expect his readers to be perplexed by the Shearers, to be uncertain which is which. This is no *Foray* Sagar; there is no family tree. The judge in the story seems to have worked it all out, though he assumes that the jury will be puzzled; but even the judge is confused about the various barristers appearing, competitively, in defence of one or other of the accused. Some of these lawyers are also confused. When did the crime of incest get on to the statute-book? (In 1908.) Can a woman be both mother and grandmother of the same person? (No.) The laughter in court is understandable, despite its impropriety.

The reporting of the trial is in a conventionally realistic style, but is not arranged to make a complete conventional story: only extracts from the proceedings are given, and these not the most relevant to the purpose of the trial. It is not made clear to the reader whether any of the accused were guilty of murder, or indeed whether a murder was committed. Some are imprisoned and some go free.

No ethical standpoint is directly expressed by the author, neither any "horror" nor "disgust"; his characters are equally reticent—except when the lawyers are making speeches, in which case we read of "that form of murder known as parricide, which from time immemorial, in all countries and climes, has roused a peculiar horror in the hearts of men." This one appears ridiculous in the circumstances, especially since the author has made the problems of the Shearers look corrupt by interspersing the narrative with paragraphs which seem quite irrelevant to their situation, as if he were a Martian historian accumulating the known facts about this planet during the few weeks in question. Three pages, summarized from the newspapers of the time, deal with a strike in Stockport, a debate about the Common Market, the District Attorney's procedure in New Orleans, the death of the Nizam of

Hyderabad and the results of an F.A. Cup replay. Elsewhere he states, boringly, what time it is in different parts of the world and what effect the weather has on behaviour.

We read that news reports of the Shearer case briefly attract the attention of Harold Wilson—and of President de Gaulle, who finds the case relevant to his theories about "English puritanism." More unusual still, the author (as if to bridge "two cultures") offers some information about the rotation of the earth, expounds a theory of Einstein's, and concludes the novel with some general statements of a scientific nature which seem to contrast the brevity of human life with the immensity of space.

This perplexing novel is dedicated to Pamela Snow. It is well known that Pamela Hansford Johnson (Lady Snow) has expressed strong views about fictional representations of violent crime and sexual indecencies, since she fears that they may help (or already have helped) to create an "afflictive society": she put her views most strongly in her book, *On Iniquity*, about the 1966 trial of two sadistic murderers in the north of England. The trial of the Shearers, also, involving murder and sexual indecency, is set in the north of England at about the same time. Lady Snow closely observed the face of Ian Brady, the Moors murderer, and suggested that his appearance confirmed Lombroso's nineteenth-century theories about criminal physiognomy. Brady is mentioned in *The Shearers*, though with no reference to his face; the judge, in fact, warns the jury against going by appearances. At the end of Brady's trial, his associate, a young man in dark glasses, went free. At the end of the Shearers' trial, an associate of the convicted parties, a young woman in dark glasses, goes free. These are strong coincidences. Whether or not Rayner Heppenstall is deliberately commenting on the theses of *On Iniquity*, those theses are relevant to a consideration of *The Shearers*.

Rayner Heppenstall has, in effect, shrivelled the court case into something trivial. It is then an "affectless" book, deficient in human feeling? That depends on the reader. It may be read as an account of an unfeeling society, but not from the standpoint of *On Iniquity*, which concentrated its attack upon fiction-writers, directly or indirectly corrupting "sensitive" people; both "fashionable" playwrights and paperback publishers were held to blame. But the collages of news items in *The Shearers* make us more aware of the casual damage done by the newspapers of the time, dealt with a strike in Stockport, a debate about the Common Market, the District Attorney's procedure in New Orleans, the death of the Nizam of

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Recent Successes:

Gordon M. Williams The Siege of Trencher's Farm

"Gripping skill . . . tremendously well told, with a fierce pace"—John Whitley, *Sunday Times*. "Most exciting"—Patrick Marnham, *Sunday Telegraph*. "Told with a power and a force that fairly sweeps one along"—Richard Lister, *Evening Standard* 30s.

Brian Glanville The Olympian

"Sheer, unadulterated, unalloyed pleasure! How rarely that comes from a novel that is also first rate, and what a treat when it does, as it does with Brian Glanville's *The Olympian*. Mr Glanville takes us not behind, but right into the centre of the world of modern athletics"—Richard Lister, *Evening Standard* 35s.

Julian Gloag Maundy

"One of the most interesting novels of the year so far"—John Higgins, *Financial Times*. "As a writer Julian Gloag is ambitious, imaginative, original and tremendously energetic. He knows how to arouse curiosity and how to engage sympathy. In *Maundy* he sets himself a very rapid narrative pace and sustains it with a rush of dramatic incidents, sometimes disturbing, sometimes funny, never boring"—Ronald Hayman, *Sunday Telegraph* 35s.

Luigi Preti Through the Fascist Fire

A novel translated by Isabel Quigly "Brings the swagger and shame of Mussolini's extraordinary Italy vividly to life"—Clive Jordan, *New Statesman* 45s.

Harrison E. Salisbury The Siege of Leningrad

"A proper monument to the Leningrad epic"—John Erickson, *Sunday Times*. "Lucid, vivid, readable"—Graham Lord, *Sunday Express*. "Remarkable work of compilation"—David Floyd, *Daily Telegraph*. "Compelling power"—Wright Miller, *Guardian*. "Profoundly moving story"—Brian Bond, *Listener*. "Epic story"—Donald Watt, *Evening Standard*. "Large, humane, rational and passionate book"—Robert Conquest, *New Statesman* Illustrated 84s 2nd Impression.

Autumn List Highlights:

FICTION:

Melvyn Bragg
(Winner of the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize for 1969 for his novel *Without a City Wall*)

The Hired Man
October/30s

Piers Paul Read
(Winner of the Geoffrey Faber Memorial Award for 1969 for his novel *The Jumbies*)

Monk Dawson
October/30s

NON-FICTION:

Anthony Burton
A Programmed Guide of Office Warfare

David Beaty
The Human Factor

Secker & Warburg

Heinz Höhne
The Order of the Death's Head

Arthur Miller & Inge Morath
In Russia

Theodor Rosebury
Life On Man

David Beaty
The Human Factor

Secker & Warburg

Secker & Warburg

Secker & Warburg

Secker & Warburg

Secker & Warburg

Secker & Warburg

Secker & Warburg

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Secker & Warburg

The Spenserian Poets

A Study in Elizabethan and Jacobean Poetry
JOAN GRUNDY

50s. net

The author has devoted the larger part of her book to individual studies of the most important Spenserian poets—Michael Drayton, George Wither, William Browne, and Giles and Phineas Fletcher. Although these writers have figured at times in earlier studies of seventeenth-century literary and cultural history, there are few books in which the whole writer has received anything like this fullness of treatment. Published October.

The Fool and his Sceptre

A Study of Clowns and Jesters and their Audiences
WILLIAM WILLEFORD

63s. net

This study is concerned with fools in the theatre, film, circus, literature and life, and analyses folly in its full context. The range of references includes anthropology, the occult, comparative religion and psychology. The originality of the book lies in the juxtaposition of a variety of approaches to the subject. Published August.

The Concept of Empire in Western Europe from the Fifth to the Fourteenth Century

ROBERT FOLZ

45s. net

This new book examines the meaning of the expression 'Empire' to the people of Western Europe from a period around 476, when the Holy Roman Empire came to an end, to 1356, when Charles IV issued the Golden Bull. It shows how people in different areas and in different centuries developed varying conceptions according to circumstance, place and the times. Published August.

Essays in American Economic History

Edited by A. W. COATS and ROSS M. ROBERTSON

75s. net

The nineteen essays reprinted here are by the foremost scholars in Britain and America, and are seminal to the study of American economic history. While providing a composite picture of many important aspects of the history of the American economy, they also reflect recent tendencies and preoccupations in the literature, and provide illustrations of the evolution of American economic theory. Published September.

Essays in European Economic History, 1789-1914

Edited by F. CROUZET, W. H. CHALONER and W. STERN

60s. net approx.

The object of this volume is to make available articles concerned with European economic history which are not otherwise in English or are difficult of access. In order to illustrate the different approaches by 'national schools' of economic history, essays from a variety of countries in Western and Central Europe (including one Russian article) have been chosen. Published September.

Progress in Geography

International Reviews of Current Research

General Editors: CHRISTOPHER BOARD, RICHARD J. CHORLEY, PETER HAGGETT and DAVID R. STODDART

60s. net

Progress in Geography aims to present regular, scholarly reviews of current research within the field of geographic research. While the incessant logarithmic growth of research and publication is a welcome sign of vigorous attempts to 'keep abreast' of developments, Progress in Geography has been launched with this information crisis as its central concern. Published August.

Network Analysis in Geography

An Exploration in Spatial Structure

PETER HAGGETT and RICHARD J. CHORLEY

50s. net approx.

The problems in organising flows into efficient channel patterns and the interpretations of the distinctive channel networks that have emerged, form the major theme of this new book. Throughout, the emphasis is on general properties and performance of networks, and the spatial problems they pose. Published October.

Explanation in Geography

DAVID HARVEY

70s. net approx.

This book formulates a methodological framework for geographic thought in the light of recent advances in geographic research and recent statements in the philosophy of science. The book is divided into six parts. Published November.

The Pests of Protected Cultivation

The Biology and Control of Glasshouse and Mushroom Pests

N. W. HUSSEY, W. H. READ and J. J. HESLING

£5 net approx.

This book provides current information on the chemical control and biology of the pests of protected crops and indicates sources of additional information. While chemical controls recommended are applicable to the United Kingdom, the extensive biological data will be of interest to those concerned with glasshouse and mushroom culture anywhere in the world.

Practical Optical Crystallography Second Edition

N. H. HARTSHORNE and A. STUART

75s. net

Throughout the new edition of this well-known text the clarity of the descriptive material has been markedly improved and descriptions of apparatus brought up to date. New material has been included throughout and an up-to-date address list of manufacturers and suppliers of polarising microscopes given. The SI unit equivalent to the traditional unit has been given as an alternative in many places in the text. Published August.

CONTEMPORARY BIOLOGY SERIES

General Editors: E. J. W. BARRINGTON and A. J. WILLIS

New additions to the series to be published October

The Comparative Endocrinology of the Invertebrates

KENNETH HIGHNAM and LEONARD HILL

28s. net approx. paper; 50s. net approx. boards

Statistics and Experimental Design
GEOFFREY M. CLARKE

25s. net approx; 50s. net approx. boards

Edward Arnold

41 Maddox Street, London, W.1

Packaged for Gluesville

MARIO PUZO: *The Godfather*. 446pp. Heinemann. 35s.

NORMAN BOGNER: *The Madonnas Complex*. 377pp. W. H. Allen. 35s.

Mario Puzo's last novel, *The Fortunate Pilgrim*, was a sombre, scrupulous work; it described the painful Americanization of a family of New York Italian immigrants and centred with some subtlety on the conflict between the old folk, first-generation illiterates content merely to transplant their old Italian ways to a decrepit foreign ghetto, and the young, keen to make it as Americans. It was evidently a subject close to Mr. Puzo's heart, and he handled it with real distinction, only now and then succumbing to De Sian sweetness and very rarely permitting his intense and concentrated prose to swell into the fake-poetic. He was clearly a writer of unusual talent and one looked forward to what he might come up with next.

The Godfather is a brutal disappointment. It is, quite simply, a package for besellerdom: huge, vulgar and sensational, it has all the formula requirements. Not simply sex and sadism, though there are ample and crude lashings of both; it also has the necessary life-lifting kind of documentary content. It offers nothing less than the "inside story" of the Mafia. Mr. Puzo has done lots of homework; we are given the past history of the Mafia, an authoritative-sounding account of the extent and type of its operations in the United States, an intricate revelation of its tribal

customs, its codes, pacts and hierarchies. All this is of interest, certainly; it could hardly fail to be. But Mr. Puzo's efforts to make convincing fiction out of his researches are strictly cursory. In the first three pages we are introduced to a judge whose "face was cold with majestic hatred" (and who then opens his mouth to speak of "the law in its majesty"), and a barber whose "brain smacked with hatred" (later the same passionate fellow is said to have a voice "human with suffering"). And this really is typical of the general level of the book's descriptive writing. At best pretentious literary, at worst—as in the recurrent scenes of murder and assault—mechanically sensational, a kind of played-out Chanderlesque.

Each blow landed with a splash of flesh splitting open. Gatto got a glimpse of Moonan's face. It was unrecognizable. They clubbed Wagner to his knees. One of the men took his arm and twisted it, then kicked him in the spine. There was a cracking sound and Wagner's scream of agony brought windows open all along the street. The two men worked very quickly.

The events of *The Godfather* revolve around the person of Don Corleone and his family. The Don has limitless power; and what power he doesn't have is in the hands of his amazing business acumen, his innumerable and brilliantly planned killings, and surpassing both, his wise, complex, deeply emotional personality. Revered as a god by his past-board hoods, he is similarly worshipped by his author. There are hints throughout the book that Mr.

Puzo has minor reservations about the ugly and hypocritical "honour" by which his gangs about their bloody business. It is not really interested in questions of this kind. What do crop up he is ever ready to us forward to a new, bigger and fiercer, slab of carnage.

The Madonnas Complex is entirely dissimilar enterprise, badly written and well-timed, a shocking incident, it purports to explore the relationship between a businessman and a woman, clever and powerful—power as an essential ingredient of a marketable fiction—as sex or as a neurotic young United Nations transactor. The businessman obsessed; he loves the girl to himself; he cannot get her to see herself to him. Battered, he sends to an analyst. Things do not improve so he hires two Puerto Rican, burgle the analyst's office and kill him the tape recording of sessions. The thieves get the tape. Thus the book is happily launched on two surefire routes: to what Mr. K has called "Gluesville".

On one hand, there is the mystery of interest, which culminates in a chase and a trial scene. On the other, there are the tapes, which, played if we are to follow the puzzling heroine's hang-ups, are appalling (and minutely documented) suffering—rape, bestiality, lesbianism, you name it. Like Puzo's package, *The Madonnas Complex* is wrapped with much care and vulgarity.

Other new novels

EDWARD CANDY: *Doctor Amadeus*. 175pp. Gollancz. 25s.

Mr. Candy's hero is a glib American of the best sort, sent to England by a philanthropic organization to ferret out literary talent worth encouraging or reviving. The London scene greets him with a few mockers and there are the three mocked recipients of Dr. Amadeus's largesse. One is a long-silent poet who lives in a hut at the foot of a friend's garden guarding the unpublished manuscript of his final obscene work. With a reputation for sinister political views and outspokenness about sex it is easy to think of at least two writers he could stand for.

A young girl poet is pretty rather than promising, but she is offered financial help as well as Dr. Amadeus's heart. Mrs. Enderby has written slight, sharp novels which have had little attention, and her modest inspiration has been cut short by widowhood, poverty and an impossibly dependent mother. She is the only writer who exists as more than a caricature. Mr. Candy's satirical touch is not light. Beneath the banter he seems to be saying that it is pointless, even wrong, to subsidize artists. If publishers and charities do not intervene, the money will probably be given to exiguous or vanished talents unlikely to thrive anyway. Writers do need encouragement and they do need money (Mr. Candy himself received a £500 Arts Council bursary in 1967), and the difficulties of getting either or both to the right people are made too neat an excuse for ridiculing Dr. Amadeus and his mission. Mr. Candy has been pruned for his delicacy and his wit. This novel shows some miniature skills, but there is not enough humor to disguise the clichés of thought and characterization.

DAVID NOBBS: *A Piece of the Sky is Missing*. 233pp. Methuen. 30s.

In this, as in his last novel, David Nobbs shows that he is well aware that the things that make people sad also make them funny; and what goes to make his characters people with whom we can sympathize is the fact that they themselves seem truly amused by the paradox. In *A Piece of the Sky* is missing Robert Bellamy

proves just such a person. Recently sacked for drawing a caricature of his ex-employer on the wall of the non-executive fob, Bellamy finds that his life is turning into a rather bitter joke and senses that the punchline cannot be far off. We are brought up to date on his life by eavesdropping on sessions spent with his analyst, Dr. Schmuck—an unnerving character, because his mere appearance in the book, together with his name, suggests that he ought to become a figure of fun and he persistently avoids the category. In fact, the minor characters are as important to Mr. Nobbs's very idiosyncratic humour as asides are to an ad-lib comedian. Bellamy's ill-fated affairs, his equivocal relationships with friends and eccentric relatives—these form the anecdotal part of the joke; the minor characters keep it human and interesting.

Towards the end of the book, Nobbs the raconteur makes his entry, openly admitting his role as manipulator. It is an ironic touch and a typically skillful one. For Mr. Nobbs complements his sardonic stories with a necessary eloquence and can make us laugh out loud while leaving us with the faint impression that we really ought to be crying.

JEFF NUTTALL: *Pig*. 96pp. Fulcrum Press. 28s.

Make no mistake about it. Jeff Nuttall's book is Deep. If a casual glance doesn't convince you of this (note the way the text slides from one side of the page to the other, the way "prose" slips cunningly into "poetry") then consider some of the questions it poses. "How long can they lock out the blood/Stop its seep through Woolworths floorboard ray lines? How long can they lock out the stinking weeds of sperm?" It's something we have always wanted to know. And look at the way words burgle under Mr. Nuttall's verbiage nib. "Make me a coloured rain on your thought of whip." "Waters of sweat bleeding down to our risk." "Your face ran sherbet fountains for your sliced teyey." This is profound stuff indeed; concerning, it seems, one Mike Flanders, recently released from an asylum. Among others involved are the egotistical, porcine George Gland, a child, a very dirty old man, and Gland's wife, Mary. What is going on—or has been going on—is anybody's guess. Who is

the mysterious Jürgen? Is Gland pederast? Is life nothing more than a sperm-and-foetal-vine-sterile nightmare? (Don't look for an answer in *Pig*, where characters tantalizingly behind forests of hair or sink into "bogfloor pools", pausing only to recall Mr. My wife Mary never gave birth foxes when God was a thalidomide shrimp."

JOHN WILES: *A Short Walk Across*. 221pp. Chitto and Windus. 3s.

Tony is an English boy of seventeen living in the town of Mettre in the south of France. He has been sent there by his parents to "grow up or, at any rate, to be out of the way of his particular friend, a Portuguese boy called Amador, whom he respects for his toughness and intelligence. He is also, "in love" with a girl of fifteen, Cécile, but as yet he has not spoken to her. When a brutal and apparently pointless double murder is committed in a nearby village, an elderly middle-class couple heads to death with an axe—the change of unrelenting of Tony's existence is intensified. To impress Cécile, with whom he is now on speaking terms, he claims that he is the murderer. And she is all too ready to be lulled into complacency. Murder, like love, is them fillidlingly unreal. Tony is introduced to the physical reality of love not by Cécile, but by a Swedish nymphomaniac who rescues him from drowning and takes him to her yacht; his initial excitement quickly gives way to disgust. The disgust is increased when a hideous, aged man, mistaking him for Amador, tries to pick him up in a cut. He finds out through this incident that his friend is part of a juvenile gang or vice ring known as the "Carnal Ban".

This novel can be read simply as a kind of thriller, but the author's intention is obviously more serious. He attempts to dramatize the process of growing up, and from the moods of adolescence are drawn well enough, but the actual experience of growth is only suggested by events; it is never self-evident. External events alone cannot convince us that the "I" of the novel is really changed by the end of it, and the wisdom of hindsight—as narrator is, of course, older and wiser—replace the "authentic" lived experience.

FICTION

What's the game?

JORGE SEMPRUN: *La Deuxième mort de Ramón Mercader*. 433pp. Paris: Gallimard. 28fr.

This meandering story is held together mainly by the covers between which it happens. All the same, after the convoluted writings of the Existentialists and consorts, and the costive strappings of the New Novelists, it is invigorating to watch a talented writer stretching himself. Jorge Semprun's sprawl embraces the span of communist history from Lenin to Ulbricht. Within that span, he deals with a select number of individuals committed to various kinds of communist faith, or devoted to combating these on behalf of the C.I.A. or Moscow.

La Deuxième mort de Ramón Mercader is a hybrid book: a mixture of an espionage story and a *roman à clef*. The central figure, Ramón Mercader, a Russian agent living in Spain, and the son of a man shot for deviationism, is himself finally murdered by C.I.A. men in Amsterdam. The web of relationships is extremely complicated: spies tailing spies; agents suspect to their own superiors; double and triple games. This, Semprun insists, is what communism (and, less surprisingly, Western democracy) have sunk to: political militants reduced to special agents, ideologies replaced by police manoeuvres, passions annulled for the sake of bureaucratic efficiency. The complaint is not new. Hence the rather frantic efforts to tart up an aging story.

Among the gimmicks are: a modish beginning, fanning out from a closely observed painting in a gallery (cf. Michel Foucault: *Les Mots et les Choses*); a consideration of the relationship of art to a bourgeois society devoted to property ownership; a willfully fragmented, anti-linear story, involving flash-backs and

potential scenes (in the conditional tense); information averted then contradicted; the author intruding in person and playing games with his characters; and obsession with linguistic matters (rejuvenated clichés and Spanish obscurities). The author, however, does stress that the problems of reconstruction of the truth are as difficult for novelists as they are for detectives or spies. He endeavours to anticipate criticism by admitting, for example, the over-use of convenient coincidences. At one point he confesses that his story, to be properly shaped, would really require a different teller: a simple, innocent man, unafraid of commonplaces. But this apparent modesty camouflages an arrogant conviction that the author himself, with his "senseless story", is somehow attaining a closer approximation to life as it is actually lived by a confused mankind.

Yet at times, Jorge Semprun's genuine voice, bitter, elegiac, slices through his own adopted sophistication, that habit which Pascal said can so easily become a second nature. His vision is seldom less than perceptive, but often it puts too fastidious a gloss on what it observes. Strange that such a pedantic plethora of explanation should be allied with a cat-and-mouse tale. There are self-indulgent lyrical passages about the Spanish landscape, for which the author appears to feel the same kind of *Heimlich* as Ramón Mercader for Russia.

The hero is anguished about his homonym, the man who assassinated Trotsky. This assassin is imagined, after Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin, as feeling the meaning of his life disintegrate about him: the act which he could once believe to be necessary suddenly becoming futile. It is never clear why Jorge Semprun links the two men with the same name. The fictional one is (on the author's scale of values) a good

communist, whereas the murderer of a great man is presented as a pathetic misfit. Probably Trotsky's death stands for the murder of true communism by the father of its present-day perversion. Certainly, in the last section of the novel, the tone of lament is strong over what Soviet Russia has become, over the wastage of good men, and there is an idealized version of the early heroic days of the Revolution. The survivors of this period mourn its passing, though the young son of one of them flees from East Germany so as to be a *real* communist in the West. Perhaps what is most communist in this book is the sense of comradeship, even between people who have met only briefly or indirectly. It is a warm book, and, in the erotic bits, hot.

It is difficult to avoid feeling that the author has wasted, or misused, some splendid material, by a fundamental inability or unwillingness to be properly serious. This failure detracts from the value even of the jokes, which he strews about, and which do not matter as much as they might have in a less flashy entourage. A contemporary study of Russian communism might well accuse Jorge Semprun of using men from the thirties in the context of the sixties. And, further, of holding a basically elitist view of history, in which all the damage and all the glory stems from singular men: great villains and noble rebels. But it might be wondered whether this version of what went wrong with the Revolution is any more essentially fictional than the stuff fed us by Kremlinologists, those gnomes who (to use Montaigne's phrase) "guess backwards".

Finally, however, this novel seems complicated rather than authentically complex, an exercise rather than the real thing. Perhaps a rehearsal for the novel Semprun might yet write, in his own voice.

Mother to a misfit

LALLA ROMANO: *Le parole tra noi leggere*. 270pp. Turin: Einaudi. L.2,500.

Fiction that sounds so factual it is hard to believe it is anything else is artistically disconcerting. In a sense all realistically written novels are aiming at realism; why, then, is one a little put out when the reality really convinces, actually seems to exist in the three-dimensional world of everyday life instead of the many-dimensional world of the imagination? To be too convincing, too credible, on the face of it praiseworthy, is of course a novel's limitation, since at its highest, even with the most realistic method, it is more metaphorical, more suggestive and far-reaching than everyday fact. At the highest level, then, *Le parole tra noi leggere*, which has the effect of an extraordinarily interesting case-history, fails; but on a lower level of achievement (photography rather than painting, perhaps), it is a brilliant piece of portraiture, each piece of evidence, small, concentrated, handled with acute intelligence, builds up slowly, gradually absorbing one into a particular milieu, a particular kind of life and family, as well as a particular mind, heart and presence.

It is, quite simply (though the result is anything but simple), the portrait of one Piero from infancy to manhood, from the 1930s until more or less the present: a portrait made with love, exasperation, occasional fury and puzzlement by his mother. The method at first seems pedestrian, even boring: mothers as much involved with their children as this always have such stories to tell, such school comparisons to show, such remarks to repeat, and the child at first seems overwritten, too minutely examined in detail to mean much as a whole. The baffled mother admits she prowls round his secret, inviolable life, accumulating a whole dossier of observations, looking back in pain and self-criticism and wonder.

Piero is a misfit, and his mother's final judgment seems to be that he is a glorious misfit, to be cherished for his inability to slot into the right social hole. Though he comes across as a self-contained original, he is extremely recognizable and solid, and it is the book's (limited) triumph to turn him, finally, from a case-history into a human being. On the way, the social background is sketched in very economically and effectively, not with description but in the tone of voice, in gesture, in particular type of liberal-intellectual

family (Turin, Milan: Pavese is a friend) is immediately recognizable, the particular kind of mother, too—very much today's one-child, career-minded sort who cannot do without a nanny yet wants the nanny's place in the child's affections, their calm relationship.

In spite of possessiveness, resentment and what often seems a hysterical approach to the son she adores, the narrator comes across as sympathetic. She has humour of a flat, greyish sort, understated in a way (and with an intelligence) that recalls Natalia Ginzburg's unemphatic domestic tales. She holds herself, rather than her son, up to ridicule; resents herself through his eyes, weeps at her own inadequacies, grins rather ruefully at his revenge. It is Piero with his passion for facts and mechanical objects, with his laundry list writing, his inability to pass exams, his love of doing nothing, his total inability to fit into any of the patterns of today's intellectual bourgeoisie, finally with his concessions to ordinary life, his job in a bank, his marriage) who is the hero, who finally seems worthy of all that pain and humorous grief and microscopic examination. Lalla Romano's talent is for carrying total conviction, and her novel has now won Italy's Strega Prize.

Departing from the norm

CHRISTA WOLF: *Nachdenken über Christa T.* 235pp. Halle: Mitteldeutscher Verlag. 6.80 M.

Bewältigung, i.e. assimilating, unassimilable reality (particularly of the recent past), is a recurring theme in Gorman postwar writing. Not in the East however; consistent with their disclaimer of accountability for Nazi crimes, the D.D.R. authorities browbeat on emulation of the *Bewältigung* literature in vogue beyond the border. Somewhat surprisingly the self-same guardians of materialist *Kultur* have lionized the literary treatment of metaphysical evil, of incurable disease and premature death: *Nachdenken über Christa T.* is the story of

a tragically curtailed life as refracted through the memories, conjectures and reflections of a close, but remarkably self-effacing friend. Superficially she seems a paradigm of her generation—warlike, Hitler maiden, 1945 fugitive before the Russian advance, postwar convert to the new faith—but on closer inspection she is neither typical nor indeed exemplary. She alternates between enthusiasm and introversion, enthusiasm and cynicism as a member of a student's collective she under-falls the learning norm, as a teacher she abstracts the cruelty of the young with crying bile, and as a wife she is guiltily unfaithful.

At the root of Christa's endemic vagabondage lies the head-folly dimly

perceived at first—to give some meaning to existence. Eventually she hits upon authorship as the solution to her particular riddle of the universe—yet in art as in nature all her accomplishments remain fragmentary.

This is a sensitive study of considerable merit but, interesting in it will of necessity be partly extraliterary. The average bi-focal reader of *Nachdenken über Christa T.* will both catch weird glimpses of collective learning norms or criticism sessions and be reassured—or disturbed, according to his predilections—by the discovery that such manifestations of literary *Unheimlichkeit* as musings on nature, music and solitude are still in vogue "beyond the Wall".

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Short-cuts to Utopia

NIKOLAI BUKHARIN and EVGENI PREOBRAZHENSKY: *The ABC of Communism*. Introduction by E. H. Carr. 481pp. Penguin. 8s.

Is *The ABC of Communism* a "classic" in the sense of the word used by the editors of the "Pelican Classics" series in which it appears, for the first time since 1922—namely one of "the books which have changed history"? Almost certainly not. It was popular in Soviet Russia and international communist circles for a few years in the 1920s, but would have dropped out of sight even if its authors had not fallen from political favour. By the middle 1920s both the facts, and to some extent the attitudes, of any book written in the middle of the civil war period (1919) were bound to be of mainly historical interest. It is not the best book by either of the two authors. Bukharin's *Historical Materialism*, a very much more influential work in the formation of communist theory—and not only because it provided the text for some of Gramsci's most incisive critical reflections—expresses the utopianism of the period in some ways more clearly. Preobrazhensky's *New Economics* is infinitely more important, both in theory and practice, for the development of the economics of growth in backward countries, which rests largely on the Russian thinking

of the 1920s. Indeed, one might say that *The ABC of Communism* is the opposite of a book which changed history. It is one which derives its force from the capacity to reflect a particular dramatic and earth-shaking moment of history.

Nevertheless, as such it is important. As Mr. E. H. Carr observes in a long and valuable introduction, it "provides an unrivalled key to the purposes and policies of communism as they were conceived in the first years of the régime". Indeed, it is as good an introduction as any to these topics, since it was deliberately written for readers who possessed no knowledge of communist theory and policy, or of anything else except their experiences as Russians of Tsarism, revolution and civil war.

Modern readers will be struck not so much by the "utopianism" of the work, for communist theory even in the grimmest days of Stalinism never lost that capacity to "dream" which Lenin (as Mr. Carr reminds us) always cherished, but by a utopianism relatively untrammelled by the need to explain away the realities which conflicted with it. In extreme situations such as that of Soviet Russia in 1919 two reactions are possible. Either conditions may be regarded as so obviously temporary as not to affect long-term speculations, or they may be regarded as a

rather stony short-cut to a utopia which is not to be entirely side-tracked by the obvious growth of government and the spectre of the "withering away" of the state. On the other hand the utopia which—both in theory and practice—best fitted into reality the dream of the "society of plenty". Indeed, in the need to subordinate all other considerations to a practical aim... a universal aim in the productive forces of the country, practice, policy and theory were at one. *The ABC of Communism* illuminates the process by which Russian communism transformed primarily into an ideology and a method for economic, technological growth in backward countries.

Mr. Carr's introduction is always, lucid, calm, and informative. The hardly an unequalled admirer of either the authors, and especially not, it would appear, of Bukharin, he appreciates the historic force that utopian idealism of which *ABC of Communism* is one of historic monuments.

Small men's crusades

GIUITA IONESCU and ERNEST GELLNER (Editors): *Populism*. 263pp. Weldenfeld and Nicolson. £2 10s.

Historians and political theorists deal extensively in labels, calling movements, societies or ideologies "feudal", "imperialist", "totalitarian", or what have you. This is part of the work of generalization or "periodization" which no serious inquirer into the past can avoid. These labels are generally applied *ex post facto*, when the phenomena to which they apply are on the wane; and more often than not they are brought into use by publicists anxious to discredit or denounce the phenomena in question. Hence the words become totems of political controversy; and a tiresome situation arises in which writers hypostatize the labels and, instead of being content to explain what happened, are above all passionately interested to assert or deny that this or that movement or regime was feudal, imperialist, totalitarian, etc.

"Populism" has been one of the least fruitful and exciting of recent political catchwords, and it is a little puzzling that a body of distinguished academics should have gathered two years ago at the London School of Economics to discover what populism really is. The present volume contains papers read on that occasion, together with three further essays apparently designed to give some show of coherence to the whole. The discussions at the conference were doubtless stimulating to those who took part; the trouble about the volume is not that it is good only in parts, but that the good parts are those which obstinately refuse to fit into any coherent whole.

The only important movement which actually used the name "populist" arose in the United States towards the end of the last century, when the Populists made a vigorous attempt to constitute a third political party. American populism is traced back by Professor Richard H. Hovstadter in the first essay in the volume to its origins in Jacksonian democracy. It was not specifically agrarian and not anti-capitalist—it was the revolt of the small entrepreneurs, farmers and businessmen against the growing predominance of big business and big finance. Its most famous, or notorious, slogan, W. J. Bryan's "crucifixion on a cross of gold" would have been more impressive if it had not been tied up with the protest of the silver lobby against the demonization of silver. A later essay suggests an element of populism in Joseph McCarthy (framed for this purpose, with Hitler and Poincaré). But surprisingly there is

no mention of the last recognizably populist movement in American history—the La Follette farmer-labour party in Wisconsin in the 1920s.

Simultaneously with the rise of populism in America, there appeared in Russia a movement whose champions were called, and sometimes called themselves, *narodniki*. Since *narod* is the Russian for people, it was no doubt inevitable that *narodniki*, the label for the movement, should appear in western languages as "populism", and Professor Franco Venturi, in the best recent western book on the subject, comments on this tradition. It is none the less unfortunate. The only really convincing contribution to the present volume, Professor Andrzej Walicki's essay on *narodnikhestvo*, brilliantly analyses its mixed social background, its relation to Marxism, and its widespread ramifications in Russian politics and thought. He demonstrates the lack of any real point of contact between the Russian movement, marked both by a primitive agrarian nationalism and hostility to capitalism, with American populism. If a European counterpart is needed for American populism, it would be less far-fetched to seek it in the early stages of the Nazi ideology. After

all, *Folk* also means people; *Nazi* began as the protest of the German man; and German society in the 1920s was nearer to modern American society than was Russian society in the 1870s and 1880s.

Nearly every other essay in the volume is bedevilled by the misguided attempt to find a common path for populism in the United States, Russia, and then to fit into this tern movements from all over the world which nobody had hitherto thought of calling populist. The word gets muddled about in all directions. Sir Isaiah Berlin is quoted as defining populism as "belief in the value of belonging to a group or culture"; this is fine so far as it goes. Professor Peter Wiles tells us that populism is anti-intellectual and "democratic revolutionary" which has the merit of ruling out most of the Russian *narodniki*. Mr. K. R. Minogue, in a stimulating paper, wants to see the current African ferment populist rather than nationalist. All this word-spinning exhibits considerable intellectual ingenuity; but it is perhaps have been kept in the book room and not presented to the public view as a positive contribution to scholarship.

Lenin and labour

FREDERICK I. KAPLAN: *Bolshevik Ideology and the Ethics of Soviet Labour*. 521pp. Peter Owen. £3 5s.

This is a whale of a book. Its principal theme is the Bolshevik attitude, ideological and practical, to labour at the outset of the regime and during the civil war. But first we have a disquisition on Lenin's theory of knowledge (as expounded in *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*) and Lenin's theory of history. These mysteriously "demand obedience to a power outside man himself" and lead to conditions of "psychic insecurity" which has to be "allayed". There is an appendix on "Berkelian Arguments Against the Theory of Reflection". The large and comprehensive bibliography includes works by Hume, Kant, C. K. Ogden and Professor H. H. Price, as well as some obviously relevant material; surprisingly, *Truth and Populism* are missing from the list of Russian newspapers and journals.

Mr. Kaplan has worked tremendously hard, and used many rare

sources which are not easy to find. His book is full of facts, references and quotations which will make it useful to students of the period. By this tribute paid, little else can be said by way of praise. Mr. Kaplan often falls into the civil war. Some imaginative understanding of the conditions and problems created by it would have shown how pragmatic the handling of labour by the Bolsheviks was bound to be; and we might have spared much of the philosophical and psychological commentary which the text is interlarded with. The text is, in fact, a tedious and overdone style does not help, even when the writer is dealing with sentences like the following: "The protection of labour in dangerous occupations and the reduction of the employment of night industry were permitted in spite of the labour code." One can make a guess at what is meant, but what is said means nothing.

THE EXPORT OF the English written word, printed here or abroad, has for centuries been a powerful cultural and political force. It is now also an important commercial and economic one. The British book and periodical publishing industry, recognized as one of the most important and efficient in the world, makes a substantial contribution to the export effort and, therefore, to the health of the balance of payments of this country.

In 1967, the last year for which full figures are available, British books and learned journals earned, in round figures, £54m. in foreign exchange. This was 43 per cent of the total turnover of the industry, thus putting books among the leaders in the export league. In fact, by proportion of output the book industry is surpassed only by whisky, agricultural equipment and some textiles in its contribution to British exports. These figures include not only receipts for books physically exported from this country but also publishers' own earnings from the sale abroad of rights (between seven and ten per cent of the total) as well as remittances from British publishers' overseas branches and subsidiaries. They do not, however, include the earnings of literary agents from the sale of rights—perhaps fifty per cent of the total earned by publishers under this heading.

To complete the picture of the contribution from the publishing industry as a whole, there should be added to these earnings the very substantial sums which British publishers receive from the export of newspapers and magazines, including trade and specialist periodicals. Britain exports in this field more than any other country and a considerably greater proportion of total output. Earnings from this source now amount to probably more than £20m. a year. In what follows, I have concentrated on the activities and earnings of the book publishing industry as such, i.e., essentially of those publishers who are members of the Publishers Association.

From a national point of view, and

in strictly commercial and financial terms alone, it is clear that writing as an export is now "big business". It is interesting to compare the achievement of the British industry in this regard with that of the other great book producer in the English language, the United States. Here, figures for the full year of 1968 are available. Whereas the total turnover of the American book industry was, in relative terms, roughly comparable to that of the British industry (the British total being some £125m. per annum, and the American ten times as great, i.e., showing the same relationship as British Gross National Product does to the American), American book exports in that year amounted to \$157m., i.e., not very much more than the British total

of about \$130m. but representing only six per cent of the total turnover of the American industry. The growth of British book exports has been remarkable. In the past sixteen years or so British book exports have increased by nearly 300 per cent, that is about three times as much as the increase in total exports. In the first nine months of 1968 they show a further rise of 16 per cent over the same period of 1967.

This international activity of the British book industry is by no means new. Some of the first British books to move overseas went with the Pilgrim Fathers. The colonists of North America naturally obtained their books from Britain, and with the spread of Empire and the moulding of education in many parts of the

world on the British pattern by means of the English language, it was natural that books should also move on an increasing scale. As the colonies were transformed into independent members of the Commonwealth, British publishers continued to supply a large proportion of the books required and, until relatively recently, most books imported by the developing countries who use the English language as an integral part of their educational system were designed for syllabuses largely modelled on the British educational system.

In the past ten years, however, rapid changes have taken place. Syllabuses have been altered to fit more closely the needs of the developing countries, and British publishers who

specialize in supplying developing countries' markets, particularly in the educational fields, have encouraged British authors to write for export to these markets. Some of these books, designed to meet the needs, say, of instruction in the English language for Malay speakers, or to serve the needs of a history syllabus in West Africa would be designed for export and would have only a limited, mainly library, sale in Britain itself. Books written for tertiary education and postgraduate students will, on the other hand, still be only rarely designed specifically for export. As the English language remains clearly established in the international academic community as an important, and often the prime, medium of instruction, publishers of academic, technical and scientific books in the English language on any subject will regard the world as their market and will often expect to sell more copies overseas than in Britain itself.

Nor is this confined to educational and scientific writing. Fiction, including biography and drama, are, of course, never or hardly ever written expressly for the export market. But here too the possibilities for overseas sales are considerable, including, of course, the possibility of additional income from translation, reprint and film rights. So, a significant proportion of general and paperback publications of fiction, biography and children's books export their products or sell rights to overseas publishers, thus earning for themselves and for the authors substantial sums in royalties and for the country considerable amounts of foreign exchange.

As in many other sections of our export trade, it is the richer, more highly developed, industrialized countries of the world that provide proportionately the most extensive markets for British books and "rights". Some £9m., for example, of total earnings come from western Europe (of which about 10 per cent are from the sale of rights) and almost the same amount (with, however, as one would expect, rather more—15

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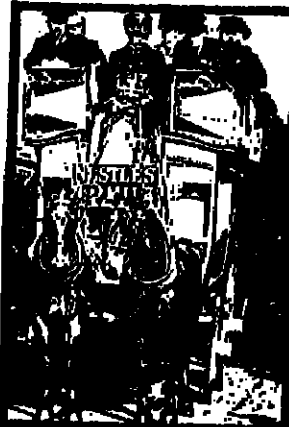
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per cent—of rights income) from the United States.
About 15 per cent of the total earnings, or some £8,500,000 to £9m., come from developing countries, but despite the arguments recently developed for a considerable lessening of copyright protection, only £50,000 was spent in 1968 by all the developing countries on the purchase of translation and reprint rights in British works. Both for exports and for rights India is the largest single market. It has a highly developed publishing industry and spends about £5,000 on translation rights and £40,000 on reprint rights, but as much as £1,500,000 on imports.

The question of rights has recently come to wider public notice through the conference held at Stockholm in 1967 to discuss a revision of the oldest copyright convention, that concluded at Bern in 1896. This comprises mainly European countries and their former dependencies. The other international convention, the Universal Copyright Convention (U.C.C.), was sponsored by Unesco and came into operation in 1955 primarily to act as a bridge between the Bern Union members and other developed countries, mainly in the Americas. The Bern members were, however, safeguarded by a special clause, providing that any member who withdrew from Bern would be denied protection under U.C.C. by other Bern members. As a result, developing countries who were attracted by some of the provisions of flexibility under U.C.C. discovered that their commitments under Bern prevented them from taking advantage of these. At Stockholm the prolonged campaign to loosen up the provisions of Bern and, at the same time, to remove the U.C.C. "safeguard clause" came to a head and led to the adoption of a protocol. This allows developing countries to limit copyright, as in the U.C.C., to twenty-five years after an author's death. What is, however, more important is that it makes possible compulsory licensing and fixing of royalties for translations and reprints after three years from first publication and, even more significantly, to restrict in any way that these countries may wish, copyright in works required for "teaching, study and research in all fields of education".

Not surprisingly, this protocol has not been accepted by the majority of developed countries (including Britain). It would, however, be wrong to regard this as due to a lack of sympathy on the part of British publishers for the needs of developing countries. These are fully understood and great efforts have been made in recent years in a variety of directions to provide assistance in meeting them. As the figures for rights income from the underdeveloped countries show, the sums involved to give a modicum of protection to authors and publishers are not great, and even a substantial increase, resulting from a considerable expansion of local production of books originating elsewhere, would be unlikely to represent a serious burden for the developing countries. A joint study group of the two conventions, at which the International Publishers Association is represented, will be meeting this autumn in Washington and it is to be hoped that a solution will be found that is acceptable to both parties.

That the British publishing industry is anxious to help accelerate the development of poorer countries of the world in the areas in which its own activities are relevant is proved by a number of initiatives publishers have taken and the response which they have given to initiatives taken by Government departments or other Governmental organizations. For one thing, many British publishing houses now operate overseas companies, which are primarily concerned with publishing directly for the local market and often export back to Britain considerable numbers of books which they initiate. This is not only of great help in the expansion of the industry in the overseas country concerned, it also stimulates greatly the development of an indigenous literature. The overseas branches of British publishing actively seek out and foster new authors who can deal with the particular subjects of primary interest to the local market.

With increasing frequency the truly international publisher—and publishing is becoming more and more of an international, or multinational, business—will have the books in question produced in the country of origin and then arrange for his associates or branches to market them internationally. To the extent to which this happens, sources of income other than from direct exports will be stimulated; at the same time there is no evidence that this is to the disadvantage of the absolute growth of physical exports and the earnings which they produce. On the contrary, the record in this respect is very much the other way.

In this connexion I should also mention the English Library Book Scheme, which is under the aegis of the Ministry of Overseas Development. It is designed to make cheap books available to underdeveloped countries and has brought much benefit to these countries in recent years. It is true that British publishers have not been universally enthusiastic about this scheme, not so much because of the effect which they feared on their normal exports but because they considered that it might lead to a rigidity in the establishment of lists on different subjects which would ultimately diminish, if not remove altogether, the advantages of a cheap book scheme both to publishers and authors here. Nevertheless, they have cooperated wholeheartedly. Various other activities that fall generally under the heading of technical assistance to developing countries in respect of books and publishing have been much stimulated by the activities of the Book Development Council, of which more in a moment.

Copyright is only one of the international publishing problems on which British publishers maintain close relations with those in other countries. The Publishers Association, which was formed in 1896 and is one of the oldest trade associations (after the German and Dutch), is a very active member of the International Publishers Association, which meets at congresses at four-yearly intervals and at working sessions in between. It will, in fact, meet in 1970 in "mini"-Congress in London. It concerns itself with a large range of international problems, such as lending library rights. In addition, the annual Frankfurt Book Fair presents an unrivalled international meeting place, which brings together publishers and book buyers of all kinds. As I have said at the beginning, the commercial aspect of book exports is inseparable from their cultural mission. In this regard books are different from other commodities. In the first place, they, more than other commodities, carry with them a considerable influence for the furthering of other exports from the originating country; for it has been shown time and again that books tend to orientate the mind of the recipient towards other products of the country concerned. This is obvious in the case of scientific or technical works which have a close connexion with, for example, the engineering industry. But it is also true in the case of many other books; and the British book trade, therefore, not without justification, claimed for some time that "trade follows the book".

Over and beyond this, the British book remains one of the most powerful vehicles for spreading the genius of the language and the ideas and ideals which it expresses. The narrowly commercial aspects of books are thus inseparable from those wider ones. British publishers, who through their own trade association have done much by collective activity to stimulate exports, have for this reason always cooperated most closely with Government departments and Government-supported agencies, particularly the British Council, in the organization of overseas libraries and information centres, book exhibitions and so on.

In doing this they have, at times been responding to the even more vigorous activities of other book producing countries, who have more explicitly than Britain recognized the powerful role of book exports as a means of propaganda in the trust and best sense of the word. For books that foreign readers freely seek and accept for their inherent value are bound to have a much greater impact than deliberate attempts at influencing opinion. Russia has recognized this and has

attached great importance to the expansion of her book exports, particularly as a means of carrying a message of Russian scientific achievement to other countries. There is a great deal of Government involvement in those exports, though it is very difficult to measure. It is also known that there is an interest on the part of China in the value of its language in maintaining and expanding French influence; and here too there is doubtless a good deal of Government support available to the trade, particularly for exports to Asian countries. The United States relative newcomer in this area characteristically devoted considerable funds to support the publishing industry through, for example, "Franklin Book Program", designed especially for developing countries. Moreover, the Government has supported to the development of a mark of recognition that has yet been achieved in Britain.

About five years ago a number of publishers, representing almost the whole of the exports of British books, overcame their traditional individualism sufficiently to band together and create the Book Development Council as a cooperative enterprise. Its purpose was not only the expansion of exports as such but to bring home to the Government the very special role of books in international trade in cultural relations. Its immediate objective of receiving from the Government a grant, matching the £45,000 for an initial period, five years by the publishers themselves, has so far not been achieved. The Government have, however, by an initial non-recurring grant of £10,000 from the Foreign Office, subsequently, through a Board Trade grant for specific purposes of £45,000, spread over a period of the years, given a measure of support. Up to now, however, the Government have been reluctant to accept the view that books are different from the boots! In its approach to the Government the industry has been handicapped not only by the unfavourable economic climate of the past few years but also by the fact that its appeal has been fragmented by being addressed, in respect of commercial matters to the Board of Trade, and in regard to cultural projects to the Foreign Office, as well as, marginally, to other Government departments.

Nevertheless, the record of achievement of the industry through the Book Development Council has been considerable. It has brought together in close conjunction with others, such as the British Council, and has always sought to avoid duplication of effort. As a result it has had a series of most successful missions to such widely different markets as Australia and Japan, has had "inward" missions from book-sellers from various countries, particularly in western Europe, has cooperated in overseas exhibitions, and has developed various selective lists, covering recent British books on the more important academic subjects. It has also acted for the Ministry of Overseas Development in a number of "technical assistance" fields. A particularly novel and important development for which it has been responsible has been the setting up of a comprehensive, computerized mailing service, designed to enable publishers gradually to dispense with their own mailing lists by giving them a specialized, carefully focused service, covering a vast range of topics and a large number of countries thus avoiding the great waste of scattered, unspecialized circulation lists. This service is already operating and is rapidly approaching a state of financial balance with the hope, before long, of profitability quite apart from the highly important service which it offers to publishers.

It is probable that before long the various export efforts of the British publishing industry will be further consolidated by the creation of a structure that will be unified and more effective than hitherto. What that happens, the industry will be even more entitled to claim, and hopes, to receive, moral and financial recognition from the Government as a unique instrument not only of economic but also for wider national purposes.

Pall Mall Press

My Testimony

Anatoli Marchenko's unique and powerful account of life in a contemporary Soviet camp. Includes his meeting, and friendship, with Yuri Daniel, the Russian writer, whom he met in the Potma camp. Introduction by Max Hayward. Translated by Michael Scammell. October c. £2

Rhodesia

The Course to Collision

Frank Clements, sometime mayor of Salisbury, tells how and why the white Rhodesians came into conflict with Britain and defied the hostility of most of the world. September £2

Guerrillas in Latin America

The Technique of the Counterstate

Luis Marcial Vega discusses the origins, methods, and role of the Latin American guerrilla, as well as Soviet and Chinese involvement. Includes an important selection of documents. October £2 5s.

Army Officers in Arab Politics and Society

Eliazar Be'eri The Arab officer—his social origin, status, motivations, ideology and politics—in the volatile, ever-changing panorama that is Arab politics. September £4

Iranian Art

Glan Guido Belloni and Liliane Fedl Daili Assen An illustrated survey of the arts of Iran from the fifth millennium BC to the golden age of Islamic art. 128 pp., 114 illus. (52 in colour), 11 x 9 in. September £6 10s.

A History of Latin American Art and Architecture

Leopoldo Castedo A richly illustrated survey from pre-Columbian times to the present day. c. 320 pp., 234 illus. (43 in colour), 3 maps. September £2 10s.

Gustave Courbet

Robert Fernier An important precursor of the Impressionists, Courbet was a landscape painter, striking portraits, keen observer of animals, and one of the most sensuous painters of the nude. 140 pp., 127 illus. (23 in colour). September £3

Toulouse-Lautrec

André Fernigier presents the artist as we know him from his art and as he was known and loved by his contemporaries and friends—van Gogh, La Goulue, Yvette Guilbert, and Thadée Natanson among them. 256 pp., 204 plates (69 in colour). September £2 5s.

Autumn

On assistance

DENNIS MARSDEN: *Mothers Alone*. 282pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £2 10s.

Poverty for the Victorians was an ever-visible fact of life, but they needed Booth and Rowntree to reveal its full extent and Dickens to bring home imaginatively the horror of it. Poverty today is mostly out of sight—we have to be reminded that it exists at all. Perhaps for that very reason the psychological experience may be even more bitter than in the past when everybody in a working-class neighbourhood was in the same boat. It is worst of all for those who become poor after having enjoyed the standard of living normal in the community. Peter Townsend, so movingly described the humiliations of impoverished old age that a major change in public attitudes and policies has resulted. Dennis Marsden, in a profound study for the University of Essex poverty survey, has tried to do the same for another submerged group in society—fatherless families.

Fatherless families are very poor. A 1966 government inquiry estimated that half of those with two or more children had incomes below the national assistance scales of payment. Because of women's low wage-earning capacity, even full-time work will take an unsupported mother barely a pound above the poverty line. And to the practical difficulties of life on a weekly income half that of the average married couple are added the emotional problems of being single in a world that expects parents to come in couples.

As Mr. Marsden has shown in previous books, he is a most sensitive interviewer with a generous sympathy for the unfortunate and a marvellous ear for the individual voice. He talked to 116 women bringing up families alone, dependent on the cold charity of the National Assistance Board and, if they were lucky, the kindness of relations. The few descriptive passages in the book pinpoint the experience of deprivation in the midst of plenty. Children were especially hard hit: "Several little girls were wearing thin party dresses playing outdoors in winter, and one girl on a council estate was in jodhpurs." Their clothes had to come from the W.V.S. Some children preferred bread and jam at home to the embarrassment of claiming free school dinners. Girls who could not take ingredients for cookery lessons were put on cleaning and washing up.

Unmarried mothers or separated wives who lived with their parents were under less financial strain, but often paid in other ways for their rela-

tive prosperity, as one family scene perfectly catches: "She lives here with us and she's got no overheads. She couldn't manage on her own with them children." The wife rocked backwards and forwards, clutching her shoulders, pink with frustration and embarrassment. "I could! I could!" she burst out. "If I got away from you lot!"

Unsupported mothers tend to be viewed and treated in different ways depending on whether they are widowed, divorced, separated or unmarried. Dennis Marsden finds the reasons for their situation largely irrelevant to their current needs. The central fact of most of these women's existence, as he shows in perhaps the most valuable section of the book, was their financial dependence on the National Assistance Board, and what seemed to them the whims of its officers. Too often the Board acted so as to make an already hard life barely tolerable. The stringent earnings rule prevented women with average work skills from improving their position. Pressure on divorced and separated wives to pursue their husbands for maintenance through the courts embittered their relationships to the detriment of the children. Worst of all, the cohabitation rule effectively blocked the mothers' chances of remarriage. Some practices of the Board, obviously dictated by custom and administrative convenience, unnecessarily exacerbated the problems of the fatherless family in the community. Weekends are the normal time for shopping and spending, but the unsupported mother gets her allowance on Monday and does her shopping when wage-earners are beginning to feel the pinch—hence the myth about families on national assistance living in affluence.

By gathering material from only one source, mothers on assistance, Mr. Marsden has limited the scope of this inquiry and, with all its merits, the texture feels thin in places. One would like to be able to separate the material and emotional sufferings of the women, but without a parallel study of mothers who are alone but not poor this is impossible. The discussion of causes of marriage breakdown, lacking the husbands' side of the story, is so superficial it might have been better omitted. There are many unanswered questions. Why should the National Assistance officers be so imprisoned by the spirit of the Poor Law after twenty years of an official campaign against it? Here's a subject crying out for investigation.

But it is a measure of the book's quality that one puts it down with a slight sense of disappointment. It is a very good book; it might have been a classic in the literature of poverty.

SEX & RACISM
CALVIN C. HERNTON
Of the pyramids, the ziggurats of books I have read about this fatal "problem"—the most divisive in the world today—this is one of the few that tell it as it is. Colin MacInnes, *Sunday Telegraph* 233 96109 7, 25s

In adoption

JAN DE HARTOG: *The Children*. 265pp. Hamish Hamilton. 35s.

Fifteen years after the end of the Korean War there are still 60,000 United States servicemen stationed in the country. A by-product of this situation is that, by now, more than 10,000 children from Korea, mostly of mixed parentage, have been adopted by American families. As members of a Quaker organization the author and his wife were involved in furthering such adoptions. In the process, almost by accident, they found themselves the adoptive parents of two Korean girls aged five and three at a time when Mr. de Hartog was fifty-three years old and when their own family was grown up. From that experience Mr. de Hartog, a novelist and playwright whose previous work is of far different character, has produced what amounts to a manual for other adoptive parents of children from Asia. It would be a pity if it were the occasionally rather whimsical manner which he adopts were to deter any of the readers at whom it is directed because, in its unpretentious way, this is an excellent book. Mr. de Hartog neither simplifies the issues nor dodges his standard objections to the whole question of adopting these children, of which the most serious is that in sending them

wise to remove children from their own environment and culture even if they gain materially by the removal. He himself accepts the general principle, but the environment from which these particular children are removed is that of orphanages, where the death-rate for these under eighteen months is horrifying and where those up to the age of two are kept all day in iron cages with slatted bottoms—this to do away with the need for nappies which would have to be changed—and picked up as little as possible.

A similar rationally marks Mr. de Hartog's handling of most of the problems which adoptive parents are likely to meet, which are dealt with practically and circumstantially. He has, for instance, obviously a very considerable knowledge of child psychology, but he is usually at pains to check theory against reality. On "testing" the deliberate actions of children desperate to reassure themselves that their parents will still love them, however "naughty" they are, he has a note that may bring comfort to many.

Should we and our darling underneath a wooden porch in the process of settling in to one of its supports, he is not telling the strength of an emotional affection, he is feeling what will happen if one fails to be one of the spread of a wooden porch. I have some of my own.

GENERAL

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN INTRODUCES IRELAND

Edited by Owen Dunley Edwards
Of all the various books in and about Ireland which have been published in the last year... and there have been many... this is THE book. Terry O'Sullivan, *Dublin Evening Press* 233 95990 4 45s

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA LEWIS CHESTER GODFREY HODGSON BRUCE PAGE

A formidable achievement... compelling in its narrative drive and acute in its insights and explanations. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., *Sunday Times* 233 96085 6 63s

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ERIC BERNE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO PSYCHIATRY & PSYCHOANALYSIS

An orthodox Freudian view of emotional development and psychiatric illness. Hugh Freeman, *Guardian* 233 96080 5 30s

SEX & RACISM CALVIN C. HERNTON

Of the pyramids, the ziggurats of books I have read about this fatal "problem"—the most divisive in the world today—this is one of the few that tell it as it is. Colin MacInnes, *Sunday Telegraph* 233 96109 7, 25s

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FICTION

JAMES KIRKWOOD GOOD TIMES/BAD TIMES

The writing is lively, dense and exciting. *Observer* 233 96005 3 30s

PHILIP OAKES THE GOD BOTHERERS

The plotting is smooth and logical. The black mischief might have pleased Evelyn Waugh. 233 96100 2 25s

MARSHALL PUGH LAST PLACE LEFT

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Essential Rhys... I rate her higher than Colette. Robert Nye, *Guardian* 233 96050 3 & 233 96051 1 25s each

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ALLEN & UNWIN



68th Year

24th JULY 1969

No. 3,517

Commentary

Planet

The module made more like a crash-landing. And on the planet—only fused rocks and tinder, no spark of life.

Bleating.

But the first guards were murdered. The bodies ripped by fungi were buried in vain. In the black daylight they vanished immediately from the stone graves and next day attacked the living.

They felt that some sort of principle, vampire in spirit, was waiting here to use bodies, brains and thoughts for ends which like darkness-like spin like laughter were faithless.

And others were devoured and others among the guard dead stalked the living. Until it was no longer clear who still had the original life in him.

The planet stood like the howling of wolves petrified in timelessness.

There was no point in pretending to be crabs. They knew, and it knew through them. They repaired the module and set out for Earth. Perhaps still human, perhaps also vampires.

And it's not known whether they ever landed. And it's not known what did land here. Maybe there are only symptoms. And howling. And the strange activity of dead idiots.

MIRONSLAV HOLUB
Translated by Jennita and Ian Milner

End of 1968

From the moon—or almost from the moon—I have gazed upon the modest planet that contains philosophy, theology, politics, pornography, literature, sciences patent or wealth. Within it there is also man, and I aming them. And all of it is very strange.

A few hours hence it will be night and the year will end among explosions of sparkling wines and fireworks. Also of bombs or worse, but not here where I am. If a man dies it will not matter to anyone provided he be unknown and he be far away.

December 31, 1968

EUGENIO MONTALE

Translated by Luciano Rabay

Orson Welles's film of *The Trial* has probably been the most familiar exercise in transferring Kafka to other media; the Czech Theatre on the Balustrade brought their version of the same piece to London for the 1967 World Theatre Season; and Steven Berkoff now offers his own versions (which have apparently won the approval of Kafka's literary executors) in what he claims to be the first public performances of Kafka on the English stage. At the Roundhouse he undergoes a nightly *Metamorphosis* into a gigantic cockroach, and is the perfect and willing victim of the Bed, the Harrow and the Designer in *The Penult Settlement*.

Mr. Berkoff's versions cannot of course be *exactly* Kafka, whose writings are essentially *untranslatable*. Kafka shared Max Brod's thesis "that the essence of the drama lies in a lack" and he feared the theatre. Yet it also intrigued him, and his meeting and friendship with a Yiddish theatre troupe in Prague in 1911 (two years before the writing of *Metamorphosis*) was a great event in his life. His diaries of this time reflect detailed interest in staged drama but do not dwell on the theatrical possibilities of his own work. There is, though, a recognition that the exercise might not be entirely without value: "When I say something it immediately and finally loses its importance, when I write it down it loses it too, but sometimes gains a new one."

Definitive interpretations of such parabolic fictions as Kafka's lie somewhere outside reason: they are very possibly a contradiction in terms. But Mr. Berkoff certainly seems to have had privileged access to one of Kafka's apocalyptic, although scarcely understated, ideals: where the drama, as he explained in his diary, "hovers in the air, but not like a roof carried along on a storm, rather like a whole building whose foundation walks have been

turn up out of the earth with a force which today is still close to madness."

On another page, Mr. James Price describes how progressive publishers now can and should rationalize their methods of production. But however smoothly organized British publishers become it is hard to believe that any of them will try and match what a new Paris publishing house has just done, and produce 128-page books of poetry, with a cover printed in four colours, which sell for one franc, or about one and eightpence.

The firm is the Editions Saint-Germain-des-Près, formerly the bookshop of the same name, which specialized in poetry. It started out by selling its new collection, called "Poésie 1", only in its own shop, but had to look for more outlets when it sold only 1,000 copies in three weeks. It has now made impressive and ingenious arrangements with bookshops which have produced savings in the costs of accounting, distribution, restocking and so on.

"Poésie 1" began with a set of five volumes, and of the 100,000 sets printed 60,000 have so far been sold by the publisher. The first set includes some unpublished poems by Jean Cocteau and a selection from Rimbaud with two prefaces, one by the novelist Yves Berger and another, clearly aimed at roping in a more volatile public, by the film actor Jean-Paul Belmondo. Each book also contains advertising matter, which is another and a crucial reason why they are so cheap. This intriguing practice could raise problems for the space salesman; just who, for example, wants his wares touted specifically among readers of Mallarmé?

Collins's celebration of their 150th anniversary includes the foundation of a £1,000 biennial religious book prize. The first award will be made in November, and will be for a book published between January 1, 1967, and July 1, 1969. Chairmen of the panel of judges is the Archbishop of York, Dr. Coggan, and the members are William Barclay, Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism, University of Glasgow; Henry Chadwick, Regius Professor of Divinity and canon of Christ Church, Oxford; David Knowles, formerly Professor of Medieval History at Cambridge; and Donald Mackinnon, Norris-Hulse Professor of Divinity at Cambridge.

The terms of reference express special enthusiasm for books arranging some sort of marriage between Christianity and other less obvious faiths, like science, psychology, sociology and linguistic philosophy. As the first book ever to be published in 1819 by Mr. William Collins was a religious work by the polymathic Thomas Chalmers, Scots divine, mathematician, chemist, astronomer, and founder of the Free Church of Scotland, the terms of reference make the new award a reasonable enough commemoration.

Chalmers's (1780-1847) collected works run to thirty-four volumes, taking in natural theology, evidences of Christianity, political economy, general theology and science. One

title of particular interest is *Adaptation of Eternal Nature, Moral and Intellectual, to the Condition of Man*, surely a prophetic, if not a secular humanist, Christ. Paul Tillich's search for God's ultimate ground of being and Robinson's attempt to be *Robinson*.

Collins's own thriving religion is built on rock, for they were the first publishers to win a licence for printing the Bible under the terms of the 1839 Patent. Their first complete Bible appeared in 1840, even up to the early 1900s, a low as to persuade Collins of the measure of divine assistance they gratefully recorded by a hymn:

Holy Bible, Writ Divine, Bound in leather 1/9,
Satan trembles When he sees Bibles sold As cheap as these

Italians have long been worshipping the French, at the incursion of the Anglo-Saxon words into language. Last year Paolo Viri issued a stirring patriotic in the Milan newspaper *Corriere della Sera*, to the press, radio, television and the cinema, in which he popularized proper Italian usage to the alien encroachments. His conclusion, now that he has issued a year later, is that whereas the feckly decent Italian version, often been discovered for the words, their use is still all too frequent.

Most of the lamented influx has taken place, as might be expected, in fields that have been important. Once a handful of private lecturers—John Quinn of New York and T. L. Wise are the best known—they were prepared to invest in work of the moment, to buy, say, a manuscript of Conrad's *The Secret Agent* before it was complete (Wise, 19, £105), or to finance *Ulysses* by giving its pages by instalments (Wise, 1919-23, \$1,200).

Now a multitude of institutions quote quantities of private deals in the fullness of time, compete openly in the saleroom, by the manuscripts of established writers (Graham Greene, *Twenty-five lots in 1964*, £14,550), writers in mid-career (Kingsley, *eleven lots in 1968*, £2,350), or of those who have published perky little books or two *three* *four* *five* *six* *seven* *eight* *nine* *ten* *eleven* *twelve* *thirteen* *fourteen* *fifteen* *sixteen* *seventeen* *eighteen* *nineteen* *twenty* *twenty-one* *twenty-two* *twenty-three* *twenty-four* *twenty-five* *twenty-six* *twenty-seven* *twenty-eight* *twenty-nine* *thirty* *thirty-one* *thirty-two* *thirty-three* *thirty-four* *thirty-five* *thirty-six* *thirty-seven* *thirty-eight* *thirty-nine* *forty* *forty-one* *forty-two* *forty-three* *forty-four* *forty-five* *forty-six* *forty-seven* *forty-eight* *forty-nine* *fifty* *fifty-one* *fifty-two* *fifty-three* *fifty-four* *fifty-five* *fifty-six* *fifty-seven* *fifty-eight* *fifty-nine* *sixty* *sixty-one* *sixty-two* *sixty-three* *sixty-four* *sixty-five* *sixty-six* *sixty-seven* *sixty-eight* *sixty-nine* *seventy* *seventy-one* *seventy-two* *seventy-three* *seventy-four* *seventy-five* *seventy-six* *seventy-seven* *seventy-eight* *seventy-nine* *eighty* *eighty-one* *eighty-two* *eighty-three* *eighty-four* *eighty-five* *eighty-six* *eighty-seven* *eighty-eight* *eighty-nine* *ninety* *ninety-one* *ninety-two* *ninety-three* *ninety-four* *ninety-five* *ninety-six* *ninety-seven* *ninety-eight* *ninety-nine* *one hundred* *one hundred and one* *one hundred and two* *one hundred and three* *one hundred and four* *one hundred and five* *one hundred and six* *one hundred and seven* *one hundred and eight* *one hundred and nine* *one hundred and ten* *one hundred and eleven* *one hundred and twelve* *one hundred and thirteen* *one hundred and fourteen* *one hundred and fifteen* *one hundred and sixteen* *one hundred and seventeen* *one hundred and 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DAVID M SMITH

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Their Sources and Significations

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AN ESSAY ON COLONISATION

C B WADSTROM. July. 315s

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David & Charles

policy in the British Museum, and, it is believed, in the National Library of Scotland, to reserve from public use the manuscripts of living persons. By the same token public money was not normally spent on them. Nevertheless, some covetable works of the twentieth century were acquired for British libraries, even in the old era. The Friends of the National Libraries were particularly helpful. They bought the poems of Wilfrid Owen and presented them to the Museum in 1934. A decade later Shaw gave T. E. Lawrence's letters to his wife, together with *The Mint* and other Lawrence material. Even so recent a work as Denton Welch's *Maiden Voyage* came in 1956, bought for the Museum by a former Keeper of the Manuscripts Department, Dr. Miller, and presented, again through the Friends. In 1963 Mrs. Dalloway, an autograph manuscript in three notebooks, containing successive drafts (but not the earliest versions, which are in the Berg Collection), and essays for *The Common Reader*, were offered and bought. This is merely a selection of much first-rate material - all, let it be noted, acquired after the death of the writers.

But it became increasingly evident that this leisurely and fairly haphazard method of collecting for the national institutions could no longer be relied on. The arrangements made with the Arts Council in 1962 to collect the work of living, as well as dead, modern writers, marked a new departure. Writers could be approached directly. Initially the British Museum was the only library taking part in this scheme, although tribute must be paid to the imaginative collections at, for example, King's College, Cambridge, and the Bodleian. Now, it is to be hoped, members of SCOUNL will be buying, too. The Welch and Scottish Arts Councils have promoted similar enterprises.

None of these arrangements precludes independent collecting by the libraries. But each operates with the aid of a "float", an initial sum which acts as a bridging loan, and can be used as often as the purchasing library are able to replenish it. The English "float" was originally £2,000. This sum has been used many times over, and has been increased to £7,000 in the current financial year, with hopes of expanding to £10,000 next year. The brief originally covered only poetry manuscripts. Now all kinds of imaginative writing are to be included. And if this is still a very long way from an ideal purchasing budget, it must be remembered that no library in this country to date concentrates its manuscript collecting resources on this particular field. Most have responsibilities in medieval as well as earlier modern periods. But at the very least modern literary work should stay in this country than would otherwise have done so. At worst, however, really important collections - like the majority of Angus Wilson's manuscripts, housed after prolonged negotiations at the University of Iowa - will continue to go abroad.

It is a common myth, on the other

hand, which needs frequently to be exploded, that American institutions always give the highest prices for manuscripts of living writers. The libraries in this country have so far been able to buy comparatively few manuscripts. But when required, they have bought them in the saleroom, and by implication, paid the market price for them. The earlier of the two Auden notebooks now in the British Museum, dating from 1927-36, fetched £600 at Sotheby's in 1964. The de la Mare poems bought for £100 in the same rooms on July 15, 1966, are another example.

Quite apart from sheer size of available funds, American collections must, however, continue to have an advantage over British ones. They are able to ask under certain circumstances for gifts without feeling they are prejudicing the donor's potential income or has produced. This is through the provision of the United States tax laws, which has been affecting every branch of collecting for years. A benefactor of an educational institution may write off up to 30 per cent of his annual declared income in charitable gifts. The wonderful collection of modern American literature formed by C. Waller Barrett, which will become available at the University of Virginia, is one example. If the benefactor is an author subject to U.S. tax, and in a high tax bracket, it may actually pay him to make a gift. The Library of Congress is said to have an imaginative list of about 270 contemporaries, distinguished in literary, scientific, musical and other ways, whose papers it would like to be given. The edited selection from the correspondence of Groucho Marx, including letters from Eliot, Somerset Maugham and James Thurber, which was published in 1967, shows one recent success. In December, 1967, the acquisition of seventeen manuscripts of Truman Capote was announced. They included autograph drafts of *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, besides much unpublished material, and a further gift is hoped for.

A much newer and less august institution, Boston University, has, according to Michael Frayn in the *Observer*, trodden on numerous famous toes with rather brash overtures for gifts. It has had, nevertheless, enormous success. Those who laughed at its acquisition of Eric Ambler's hat should note, incidentally, that Thomas Hardy's grey soft felt hat, brown leather travelling bag and lock of hair in a gold locket fetched £10 as long ago as 1956. And a recent bookseller's catalogue (No. 73, G. F. Sims) offers the autograph draft of a John le Carré short story, "A Writer and a Gentleman", with the note that it was the only manuscript of his ever known to be offered for sale. By 1966 Boston had already been given a large le Carré collection. One further aspect of the workings of the modern manuscript market remains to be discussed. This is the "contract", or arrangement to pay

an author at regular intervals in return for an option on the theme of any future work. "Go seem to have a long American history. As early as 1914 One of the first to use it was a man named Yeats, who released it dated July 9."

I would not like to arrange for an annual sum for my use, did that I would always be able to give you the best of my work. I might not have enough to give you all I have, but I would give you a price for it as soon as I could.

Most poets now writing in this country of the current literature are not writing for an annual sum for my use, did that I would always be able to give you the best of my work. I might not have enough to give you all I have, but I would give you a price for it as soon as I could.

From one point of view, the contract system did have an advantage over British ones. They are able to ask under certain circumstances for gifts without feeling they are prejudicing the donor's potential income or has produced. This is through the provision of the United States tax laws, which has been affecting every branch of collecting for years. A benefactor of an educational institution may write off up to 30 per cent of his annual declared income in charitable gifts. The wonderful collection of modern American literature formed by C. Waller Barrett, which will become available at the University of Virginia, is one example. If the benefactor is an author subject to U.S. tax, and in a high tax bracket, it may actually pay him to make a gift. The Library of Congress is said to have an imaginative list of about 270 contemporaries, distinguished in literary, scientific, musical and other ways, whose papers it would like to be given. The edited selection from the correspondence of Groucho Marx, including letters from Eliot, Somerset Maugham and James Thurber, which was published in 1967, shows one recent success. In December, 1967, the acquisition of seventeen manuscripts of Truman Capote was announced. They included autograph drafts of *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, besides much unpublished material, and a further gift is hoped for.

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To the Editor

Commonwealth Literature

An article in the issue of *Land* for December 1968 raises an important subject for readers and scholars of Commonwealth literature: the availability of the current literature of the Commonwealth countries.

Most poets now writing in this country of the current literature are not writing for an annual sum for my use, did that I would always be able to give you the best of my work. I might not have enough to give you all I have, but I would give you a price for it as soon as I could.

From one point of view, the contract system did have an advantage over British ones. They are able to ask under certain circumstances for gifts without feeling they are prejudicing the donor's potential income or has produced. This is through the provision of the United States tax laws, which has been affecting every branch of collecting for years. A benefactor of an educational institution may write off up to 30 per cent of his annual declared income in charitable gifts. The wonderful collection of modern American literature formed by C. Waller Barrett, which will become available at the University of Virginia, is one example. If the benefactor is an author subject to U.S. tax, and in a high tax bracket, it may actually pay him to make a gift. The Library of Congress is said to have an imaginative list of about 270 contemporaries, distinguished in literary, scientific, musical and other ways, whose papers it would like to be given. The edited selection from the correspondence of Groucho Marx, including letters from Eliot, Somerset Maugham and James Thurber, which was published in 1967, shows one recent success. In December, 1967, the acquisition of seventeen manuscripts of Truman Capote was announced. They included autograph drafts of *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, besides much unpublished material, and a further gift is hoped for.

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OLM I. THOMAS

BLACKWELL

standing of their countries of origin, but too few to the countries to have too much appeal outside them. While many major holdings in the United Kingdom of literature of this class would be impracticable and of little use, it is desirable that there should be one or two centres for Commonwealth studies, not only for politics and the social sciences but also for what is potentially the new peoples' finest form of self-expression. E. S. de BEER.

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The "Evening Standard"

Sir,—Your reviewer of Thomas Jones's *Whitehall Diary* (July 17) writes, with reference to October 21, 1922: "At that time the *Evening Standard* was one of several London evening papers and its views were of some moment except in so far as they reflected the vendetta of the owner—Lord Beaverbrook." The owner of the *Evening Standard* in 1922 was Sir Edward Hulton. Lord Beaverbrook had no interest whatever in the paper until he bought it in the autumn of 1923. Evidently reviewers, too, have their vendettas.

A. J. P. TAYLOR.
Beaverbrook Library, 33 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Our reviewer writes:—I apologise to your readers for my mistake in the date of Lord Beaverbrook's acquisition of the *Evening Standard*. I am, however, somewhat comforted by noticing that your distinguished correspondent is himself uncertain of the year. It was 1924—see the careful analysis of this question in Appendix 2 of the last volume of the *History of the Times*.

In Words Begin Responsibilities

Sir,—A war has been won. Your reviewer (July 10) quotes Norman Mailer and claims that "American law is at present much better equipped than English in deal with the question of sex literature." "Current Crisis in Censorship" in the American *Antiquarian Bookman*. It gives a different picture.

On April 22, 1968, the U.S. Supreme Court... for the very first time established the principle that cities and states could enact their own kind of censorship laws... it is no exaggeration to say that the nation is in a "rage about obscenity". Laws passed after the New York law and intended to protect juveniles have been introduced across the country with awesome frequency... 33 state legislatures and 50 city councils where new censorship laws have been introduced... If laws intended to protect minors did only that... then most of us would certainly favour them. Tragically, however, the very opposite is true. They all use terms which are impossible to clearly define, and are therefore universally vague, complex, and impossible to understand... Adding to the danger of these new censorship laws is the wide variety of ways that cities and states have attempted to use their new power... Nevada passed law AB70 which makes it a crime not only to sell to a minor, but also to display harmful material whether sold or not. A Sparks, Nev., storeowner has been convicted... A bill to license stores which sell books suitable for "adults-only" has been passed by the Boston city council... The Washington State legislature bill would have required that "adult-only" stickers be affixed to any books not suitable for minors... In Florida and North Carolina there has been proposed a small tax on motion pictures... The censorship law appeared a year ago, are now returning rapidly... (In Stamford, Conn. official consent will be required before any literature can be circulated to any public building (such as a school), including literature that is "inflammatory, defamatory, or obscene"... It would be against the law to display such books at the *Autobiography of Malcolm X, Manchild in the Promised Land*, or *Wretched of the Earth* to a school... Enforcement has been by raiding newsstands and book stores by use of teenage decoys accompanied by a detective... In Atlanta, Ga., fifteen stores were raided this way and two clerks convicted... This same method was used in Philadelphia, Pa., and in Pontiac, Michigan, where arrests were made in Orlando, Fla., and New York.

All Souls College, Oxford.

Our reviewer writes:—Dr. Rowe in his somewhat irritated criticism of my review attaches great importance to what was obviously a mere slip in the number of Cornish Celtic names. Since I am quite capable of elementary arithmetic, I guessed what the true figure ought to be. I could, of course, have put a query. It is perhaps an accident that in admitting one slip in his book, Dr. Rowe has managed to ride away from discussing the more serious errors which I did make of him. Dr. Rowe's book was a great disappointment to me because I had hoped that, for once, we should get a book on an "ethnic group" written by a professional historian of the highest merit which would not have been flippant. (This would be a mere slip in the number of Cornish Celtic names. Since I am quite capable of elementary arithmetic, I guessed what the true figure ought to be. I could, of course, have put a query. 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BASIL BLACKWELL

Smolensk, but was forced to turn south. The Grand Design had been to maintain the situation in Poland until the recognition of Stanislaus as King, attempt to retake Ingria and St. Petersburg, to keep up a naval blockade in the eastern inlet of the Gulf of Finland, force the Tsar's occupation troops out of the Baltic provinces and march on Moscow. It used to be fashionable to blame all Charles's failures on Count Lewenhaupt for failing to join up with Charles.

The brilliant writer Frans G. Bengtsson correctly referred to in the preface, but in the text, notes and index as F. S. Bengtsson, whose two-volume *Karl XII's Levnad* was published in an abbreviated English translation in one volume in London 1960, is particularly hard on Lewenhaupt, but as Dr. Hattori points out, Bengtsson must have assumed, quite unrealistically, that the supply train could keep up something like the speed of the main army, whereas it could probably manage only eight or nine kilometres a day because of the conditions that prevailed. It was the weather, an exceptionally rainy summer, which held up the supply train, not Lewenhaupt, who was an experienced and able commander. There was also the Tsar's "scorched earth" policy by which he intended to create a barrier of ravaged land between the Swedes and Moscow. Here Dr. Hattori lives up her narrative with an anecdote about the forthright comment of the Countess Siemianowska who, when she heard of the Tsar's intentions, cried, "But this is just like a husband cutting off his balls to spite his wife!"

After the coldest winter within living memory there was a thaw in February, 1709, which enabled Charles to take up new winter quarters in March on the road to Moscow via Kiev. On June 17, the King's twenty-seventh birthday, he was hit in the foot by a rifle bullet. This wound had profound consequences. Unable to take full charge of the battle for the fortress of Poltava, Charles was overwhelmed on June 22 by the Russians in less than two hours. The bulk of the Swedish army marched to Perevolotina, with the intention of crossing the Dnieper, but a Russian force appeared and the unfortunate Lewenhaupt, possibly from a misunderstanding of his orders, surrendered without firing a shot. The campaign against Russia was lost. It was the crucial moment of Charles's military career.

Assisted by the Cossack hetman Mazepa, about whom Byron wrote a celebrated poem in 1818, Charles moved into Turkey and took up residence at Bender. Dr. Hattori gives a long and thoughtful account of the years spent by Charles within the domains of the Sultan, stressing his growth to maturity, his increased interest in the arts, and his programme for social reforms in Sweden. After protracted negotiations Charles left Demotika on September 20, 1714. He adopted the name of Captain Peter Frisk, and Count Ture Bielke wore Charles's clothes. They arrived in Vienna on November 5, and on the night of November 10/11 they knocked at the gates of Stralsund. This is one of the great rides of history and a great deal of myth has entered into it.

The Swedes assumed that Stralsund was but one stage on the journey to Stockholm, but Charles had other plans, and decided to defend Stralsund. He was eventually forced to leave it in the hands of General Ducker and on December 11, 1715, he left in a rowing-boat, which battled its way through the ice-floes to the Swedish ships lying off the island of Rügen, and made a quick passage to Skane near Trelleborg, where he arrived on the morning of December 13. He had returned to Sweden after an absence of fifteen years.

Charles made his headquarters at Ystad and has been much criticized for not returning to Stockholm. He considered, however, that his duties were in the south. One of his earliest tasks was to promote family amity between his sister Ulrika Eleonora and her husband-Prince Frederick of Hesse on one side, and his young nephew Carl Frederick of Holstein-Gottorp on the other. His effort must have been reasonably successful, for both the Prince of Hesse and the Duke of Holstein rode in the same carriage at Charles's funeral.

The Norwegian campaign which began in 1716 was intended hotly to create a diversion in the west but also to exert some pressure on



Stockholm castle, from an engraving by Dahlberg.

George I. Although the venture was unsuccessful it had the effect of splitting the coalition against Charles. As Dr. Hattori writes, the obvious military failure of the campaign has discouraged interest in it and obscured its significant measure of success in the wider European context. It convinced the Tsar that he must call off his intended invasion of Scania.

Charles made his headquarters at Lund and there showed his proficiency at mathematics, and his interest in the applied sciences, philosophy and religion. He was a keen chess player, and it is symptomatic that he often attacked with the king. His preoccupation with money caused him to appoint Heinrich von Götz of Holstein-Gottorp as his chief economic adviser and director of finances. To the Swedes Götz became the incarnation of the evils of war, and the charge which his political enemies laid against him, and for which he was executed, was "having alienated the late King's affection from his people". But Charles trusted him and he became his right-hand man.

Charles's chief concern during the period when the new army was being trained was to prevent his enemies from launching an offensive against Sweden. These dangers were surmounted by skilful diplomacy. Nevertheless, opposition to the king's war policy was growing among the lower classes, even though the land-tax reforms helped the farmers. When Charles at the opening of the second Norwegian campaign in 1718 decreed a capital levy of 6 per cent as a civilian contribution to the war effort, he was opposed by the nobility and members of all classes. Yet the social and tax reforms of 1712 have been described by P. Engdahl as being "the foundation of modern Sweden".

There was considerable opposition to the Norwegian campaign from Charles's military advisers because of the difficulty of the terrain, but in early August, 1718, Lieutenant-General Karl Gustav Armfelt, who had defended Finland with great courage, was chosen as commander of the army group that was to march from Jämtland into Norway to surprise and capture Trondhjem. Armfelt got into trouble through lack of supplies and was forced to turn back, but there was no general retreat as Charles XII seemed to think.

Dr. Hattori claims that Charles had no premonition of death, as has often been claimed, and makes her own deductions regarding his state of mind. He wanted, she contends, to use the siege of the fortress of Frederikshald as a means of inculcating into his new army the spirit which was present in 1700, and he wanted to prove that he did not ask more from his fellow-commanders than he demanded of his own body and brain. Hence his recklessness in dangerously exposing himself in order to watch the work of the sappers on the "new line". He was in the direct line of fire from the fortress, refused to climb down from the wall and was shot through the head.

What is certain is that at the time of the King's death no one thought of him as being murdered. Yet some historians have contended that he was shot by an emissary of Frederick of Hesse. Dr. Hattori sums up entirely in favour of the "blind shot" or, as the king might have said, "an honest enemy bullet", probably a careless ball. She regards Hultkvist's experiments with a ball similar to that worn by the king as proving conclusively that the shot came from the left, that is from the fortress of

Frederikshald or from one of the outworks.

Historians have held different views regarding the reasons for Charles XII's later disasters. Many have used Lewenhaupt as a scapegoat; Hassinger suggests that Charles's worst mistake was his refusal to ally himself with Augustus, Elector of Hanover and King of Prussia in the partition of Poland; Haintz stresses Charles's failure to see clearly Prussia's potential as an ally, and put a great deal of blame on Count Magnus Stenbock for his failure to follow up his victory at Gadebusch by marching through Prussia to Poland; Nordmann considers that Charles's greatest mistake was not to ally himself with the Emperor Charles VI in 1714-15; Ingvar Andersson cannot understand why Charles dallied so long in Poland instead of attacking Augustus in Saxony and knocking this well-known double-dealer out of the contest. Dr. Hattori has answers for them all.

The book ends with a masterly epilogue. Dr. Hattori admits that a definitive evaluation of Charles XII is difficult because of his enigmatic character and secretive habits. He was hampered because the maritime powers would not make war against Saxony (the answer to the contention mentioned above failed to realize the effect on civilians, having himself been manhood as a soldier. Dr. Hattori recognizes the growing resentment against the "house" of 215pp. Dent and Christopher Davies (Ammanford, Glam.). 36s.

It is remarkable that standing biographies in modern times have been written by two non-Swedes, Dr. and Dr. R. M. Hattori. *Karl XII* appeared in three volumes with a second and revised edition in 1958. These volumes are a formidable source of information on the life of Charles XII in 1917. It contained seventy poems written by nineteen poets. In the following year came *World of Wales*, edited by Mr. D. Morgan, at once more ambitious and less successful. It presented Anglo-Welsh poetry from the twelfth to the twentieth century, beginning with Henry Vaughan and ending with Alun Lewis, and to mortal its many cracks a set of so-called "solos" by a dozen authors ancient and modern. But the main anthology contained eighty poems by thirteen poets.

comes this new and high-quality selection, edited by two introduced by a third, dedicated to a pioneering fourth and the very of a fifth, with the advice her poets and editors, a little from the Fortune Press of 1955, and the financial aid of the Welsh Arts Council contains the work of forty poets and far outdistances its predecessors with 162 poems.

shows all the signs of a good opinion and sound understanding. Above all it is in- and fair, striking a balance in well-known and less well-known poets and between familiar and unfamiliar poems. With many exceptions, it would be hard over anyone included. There is comparable to Mr. Morgan's Hopkins in converting German poetry to Anglo-Welsh; and the most to be under this head would be four of the minor figures generously represented. And exceptions one would not the exclusions.

assumes that there were in difficulties in the case of Evans and Miss Gloria Davies, whose claims no editor easily pass over; while on the policy of omitting poets of age of thirty in 1967 one congratulate the editors on confronted with a new Thomas. Age is an accident, essential.

forty-three poets are printed of their birth, and W. H. Edwards Thomas are not, though Davies would a harsher choice than he again, but his best offering will be found to his hard of loaded circumstance declarations of sexual love in drinking songs and

prised than we hear Huw Menai describe him as

Th'Almighty Cuckoo sending the of different spheres Upon their business spinning through all space.

Both these poets suffer from a surplus of poetic diction. But they were among the trail-blazers, and if those particular trails petered out in groves unhaunted and disavowed, that was no fault of theirs.

They contrast markedly with three other of the older men: Edward Thomas, killed at Arras in 1917; Wyn Griffith who survived Mametz to write spare and thoughtful poems and translate (it is rumoured) our Income Tax demands into Welsh; and David Jones, poet and painter, chronicler of the second Cateath and the new Gododdin, who perished there in the flower of their youth and valour. These are fathers of whom the Anglo-Welsh are right to be proud, and their strength sets the lifting house on strong foundations.

Curiously enough, Wyn Griffith (1934) and David Jones (1937) belong in respect of publication with the decisive outburst of Anglo-Welsh writing in the 1930s and early 1940s. It was then that a rather unending scene was transformed by the first volumes not only of these two but of Dylan Thomas (1934), Glyn Jones (1937), Idris Davies (1938), Vernon Watkins (1941), Alun Lewis (1942), Roland Matthys (1943) and R. S. Thomas (1946). These were by no means the only poets of the time, but they were the most impressive of them, and they have served ever since as the assertive shoulders of the modern Anglo-Welsh poetic movement, and the backbone of Anglo-Welsh poetic anthologies. By now they present their editors with a problem. They have been read long and intensely in a small country, and there is a fair measure of agreement about what may be called their "Twenty Best Poems" or even their "Ten". It is just about impossible not to include "Fernhill", "Poem in October", and "In my craft or sulen art", among the representative poems of Dylan Thomas.

In 1967 Mr. Griffiths, amazingly, kept them out, but then he kept Dylan Thomas out—a circumstance so, incredible in a volume said to be representative of the best work written by Anglo-Welsh poets during the past twenty-five years, that the reviewer, having recorded it, keeps running back to *Welsh Voices* looking for Dylan as a troubled dog keeps nipping down the garden to look for the bone he cannot believe is not there.

The editors of *The Lifting House*

Lucien Goldschmidt and Herbert Schlumberger (ed.) of letters and notes by Jean Adhémar and Theodore 273 letters, with English and French texts and a Latin text to Lautrec's personality. c.320 pp., 57 illus., index. 10s. 7in.

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Craft of Anglo-poetic Welshness

STUART WILLIAMS and MEIC STEPHENS (Editors): *The Lifting House*. 215pp. Dent and Christopher Davies (Ammanford, Glam.). 36s.

Lifting House is the third anthology of Anglo-Welsh verse to appear in 1967, and decidedly the best. Mr. Bryn Griffiths's *Welsh Verse*, published in 1967, was an attempt of "new poetry from

rural descriptions. Poems like "Can I forget the sweet days that have been" seem increasingly to require the services of Mister Huw! and Signor Tremolo if their sentiment is to inflate to emotion.

Of the other early-comers Huw Menai and A. G. Pryss-Jones sound inextricably trapped in what is now a disfavoured poetic dictation and the earnest excellence of their feelings. God has been called many things in his time, and was no doubt less sur-

no doubt advised by their advisers, have rightly not hesitated to re-use the used. Time and again they have chosen the poems you know you would choose yourself.

"A Peasant", "Cyndylan on a Tractor", "A Welsh Testament" (R. S. Thomas); "The Seagull", "Elyll", "Merthyr", and a piece from "The Dream of Jake Hopkins" (Glyn Jones); a passage from *In Parenthesis* and "The Wall" (David Jones); "Do you remember 1926?" (Idris Davies); "The Mountain over Aberdare"; "All day it has rained" (Alun Lewis): these are all here, and many another of the half-memorized, rough-quoted, smudge-paged, forty-times-read and soon to be forty-one loved and familiar favourites.

The editors' setting-forth of dates reveals that there was a fresh begetting of poets in Wales soon after the First World War. Harri Webb, John Stuart Williams, T. H. Jones, Leslie Morris, Henry Treece, Robert Morgan, Peter Hellings, Dannie Abse and John Ormond are of this 1920-23 seedtime. They have always seemed a little overshadowed by their fore-runners, or by misfortune. T. H. Jones's death by accident in Australia the never stopped looking over his shoulder at a Breconshire hill-farm cost the Welsh a very good poet indeed. This is his little-known poem, "Difference":

Under God's, violent unsleeping eye
My fathers laboured for three hundred years
On the same farm, in the expected legend.
Their hymns were anodynes against defeat.
But sit, the original and withering worm.
Was always with them, whether they exulted
In prayers, made songs on winter nights,
Or sllobbered in temptation, women, drink.
I inherit their long arms and mountain face.
The withering worm sleeps, too within my blood.
But I know loneliness, unwatched by God.

Hellings too was an attractive poet, hard, clean, fireworky, till the late 1940s. What happened to him? The others in general run an expected course, careful composers, cautious orators, deliberate threaders of memory's maze, knockers-off of a character (preferably on his deathbed), recallers of incidents (usually unfeeling), and harassed foreseers of the harrowing revelation of the backward glance, second viewing, return journey. They illustrate to perfection the nostalgia of the Welsh, most home-dare of the Celts, homesick abroad for home, and at home for the past. The choice of poems by Henry Treece might be improved, and that by Robert Morgan extended, but all in all this part of the anthology is well-judged and representative of poets who earn our respect and liking rather than some more passionate reaction.

There still remain the young poets, a dozen or so of them, and only one a woman. Can there be any other part of Great Britain where poetry is such a closed shop for males? Most of the dozen stand nearer their thirtieth birthday than their fortieth, and from some of them much will be expected. Anthony Conran is best known so far as a translator of native Welsh poetry (the *Penguin Book of Welsh Verse* published last year was his unaided effort), and of his six poems in *The Lifting House* no fewer than four are translations, all of them to be found in the Penguin volume. This is a pity, because he is a good poet in his own right and should be better known as such. On the showing of this book Peter Griffiths and Sally Roberts are likewise poets to look out for, and one of the editors, Meic Stephens, has produced an assured piece for anthologies in "Pomes, Twynnyddyn". The hungry sheep that come down off the hills in winter, and the ice-hoofed mountain ponies, their manes stiff with frost and dung, rattling the ash-bus and plundering valley gardens, are part of Welsh folklore. Mr. Stephens sees these last as

our companions, dark presences from the peasant past, these grim valleys our common borders, exiles all, until the coming thaw.

One other young poet commands a separate mention, Bryn Griffiths, who in *Welsh Voices* gave Dylan Thomas his contemporaries, here gives R. S. Thomas his *unus dimittis*. For Iago Prytherch, Mr. Thomas's justly famous inarticulate, gob-in-the-lire peasant primitive, with his half-witted grin, for once does the talking: That day when you came down From Moel y Llyn and asked me (In Welsh, of course) If I ever realized the drabness Of my stark environment— Whatever that meant And the meaning of my life, And you a vicar, too

I'm not dull, I go to the *ystadellodau* And I know all about *ystadellodau* And what more do I need than that?

I mean, you are you to talk? Up there, high and mighty in your vicarage.

Playing the lord in *gwllys* Fach. Four of the six words in the last line are English, but it is unlikely that one English reader in a hundred will get more than a drift of its meaning. Which brings us to a matter of high importance. This is, and is meant to be, a Welsh anthology—not another English one. Almost all of it is informed by a Welsh sensibility, and as we move through the decades more and more of it will be seen to be written by Welshmen for Welshmen. There has been debate in the past, sometimes impassioned, occasionally bitter, whether in Anglo-Welsh poetry (the kind written in the English not the Welsh language) the poetry was more important than the Welshness, or the Welshness than the poetry. *The Lifting House* suggests that the debate may be resolved pragmatically by the practice of that increasing number of poets who are making the two things one.

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ROY FISHER: *Collected Poems 1968*. 80pp. Fulcrum Press. 28s.
CIT. ORLOVITZ: *Couldn't Say, Might be Love*. 55pp. Barrie and Rockliff: *The Cresset Press*. 15s.
TOM BUCHAN: *Dolphin at Cockit*. 32pp. Barrie and Rockliff: *The Cresset Press*. 15s.

We are always being told that Modernism has been with us for more than fifty years, as though that meant we should now be immune to its serious effects as we are to measles.

Good writing when it becomes familiar and will only colour it with fantasy. The apostles of "make it new" often suggest that the achievements of the past are no longer moving and that to avoid atrophy we must get on.

Whereas, in fact, there is no immunization against genius—a reader who is less disturbed by Smart or Clare than by Ginsberg must have little interest in poetry. This preamble is to introduce Roy Fisher's *Collected Poems*. His jacket tributes stress his originality and his individual contribution to the emerging modernism of English poetry. But Fisher is in many ways traditional, and like most good poets uses tradition for his own ends.

He's deeply of the city, an innkeeper with a vein of childhood reminiscence. *The Ship's Orchestra* was an intermittently fascinating and boring book, a sort of avant-garde *Pinhead* or *Party Going*, gaining from the richness of its fantasies and losing with their pointlessness. Most of the poems in this new collection pre-date *The Ship's Orchestra* and do not share its extremism. The longest section, called "City", alternates poetry and prose, and celebrates the self-help and cooperation of those Midland communities that Fisher has always lived in. He usually looks for mystery in these home and street scenes but he neither solicits it nor fakes it. In "The Entertainment of War", one of the poems in the sequence, he recalls the effect on a child of a house destroyed by wartime bombing.

When I saw it, the house was blown clean by blast and care: Relations had already torn out the new fireplaces:

My cousin's pencils lasted me several years.

And in his office notepad that was given me

There is hardly a bad poem in the book and Mr. Buchan is a welcome recruit to the ranks of those to whom overwriting is a sin. He deserves to be widely read.

It's good to call the heaps of rope hives, but that kind of goodness is fairly commonplace. To call the gulls gentle, though, is another and more interesting thing. Mr. Storey might care to raise his game.

Sydney Tremayne, whose achievement bulks impressively in *The Turning Sky*, is another poet who screws the lid down firmly, although in his case the restraint is a necessary part of the talent. Only the longest poem "Details from a Death Certificate" tries to push the area of discussion much further south than Hadrian's Wall, and that poem rather overreaches itself. For the rest the poems are sited firmly in Scotland, keep in close touch with nature and are the better for it. As accomplished poetry in a minor mode, work that knows its own limitations and fills them to perfection, the book makes pleasant reading.

Jennifer Courouclis brings an unusual Greek-Irish background to the poems in *On this Athenian Hill*, handles a short line with some dexterity but spins ideas out far too long, much of the vocabulary being crushed flat by the pressure of turning fast corners on two wheels; for once a longer line can be recommended.

Leonard Cohen—who in other incarnations is a lyricist for some of the more trendy lady folk-singers, a novelist famous for the Danish Vibrator and other fetching creations in *Beautiful Losers*, and a vocalist of dubious attainments—is lavishly treated by his British publishers to what must be the classiest presentation for a youngish poet in recent years. The lyrics are well-meant but thin. Undergraduates get drunk on songs like "Suzanne Takes You Down", but the same sort of thing has already been done better. More concentration needed.

Edward Storey's *North Bank Night* is full of poems which edge their neat way forward with plenty of tact and not too many thrills, but there is the occasional stab of something special: "We look now at a deserted harbour. Hives of dry-rope are scurrying with salt, white grown over with green nets. Chelmsford, crowded on the quay's rock. Doves creak in the iron sheds where fish were sold. The gulls look gentle."

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In *Coming Out Fighting* Philip Hobbaum attempts an ambitious four-part treatment of an experience plainly recent enough to encourage in the poet's mind the fatal notion that history will be forgiven. The poems directly on the subject don't bear quotation or indeed thinking on. This is not to say that Mr. Hobbaum should not have attempted the grand theme: only that the theme attempted him, and unfortunately succeeded. The story is of a marriage in ruins, a young girl loved, a man desperate. There is nothing wrong with this as material and the same poet may well do something remarkable with it in the course of time. At the moment, despite the standard Movement properties and the odd breathless dragging-in of Bob Dylan, the verses are indulgent and unconvincing.

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Books devoted to a single author follow an academic pattern of position and comment based on a chronological or thematic framework supported by precise bibliographical references. Deviations from this practice are usually regarded as shortcomings and are rightly criticized for being "superficial", "journalistic", or "buying a gun and asking for a performance."

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to an ultimate incapacity to believe, which causes Montherlant to see "le néant" where French existentialists have seen "l'absurde". Existential absurdity and the Christian concept of God are not readily reconcilable.

Saint Robert argues, however, that God and "le néant" can more easily be brought into harmony by means of Pascal's writings by means of his concept of a "hidden" God beyond the reach of rational proof or disproof. The possibility of an accommodation between such supposedly opposite ideas is

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Hongkong notebook

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY: *Half-Crown Colony*. 149pp. Cape. 36s.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy, it seems, does not really like Hongkong. This is not altogether surprising, since modern Hongkong is not a very likeable place. "Once upon a time the island place," he writes, "was a quiet little place of Hong Kong rewarded travellers with a seductive element of the orient-picturesque. This has, by now, been pretty thoroughly destroyed." The twin cities of Victoria and Kowloon, which make up the modern conurbation of Hongkong, now look exactly as if Manhattan had been crammed into some giant pepper-pot and shaken out over the green mountains and deeply indented coastline of western Ireland. Like all places whose sole raison d'être is the making of money—Johannesburg is a notable example—Hongkong is a city which has no roots.

Yet if Mr. Pope-Hennessy had chosen to stay in the New Territories on the mainland rather than on Hongkong Island itself he would have found himself among a people and a way of life whose roots go very deep. The New Territories cover an area four times the size of Hongkong Island and maintain a large population engaged both in industry and in agriculture. Mr. Pope-Hennessy describes them in half-a-dozen pages, a lack of balance which is characteristic of his book as a whole. In the end this unbalanced, haphazard method of writing is seen as a virtue rather than a fault, for Hongkong itself is an unbalanced, haphazard place, where planning seems to be non-existent and problems are dealt with empirically as they arise. So at least it appears to the casual visitor; and in spite of his family connection with the colony—his grandfather was one of the best-known of its nineteenth-century Governors—it is as the casual visitor that Mr. Pope-

Hennessy has deliberately chosen to write. In this aptly named "notebook", but even a notebook should have an index, which this one has not—he looks at Hongkong from the outside and brilliantly reproduces the effect which this extraordinary place makes upon the visitor from the outside world.

In doing so he is perhaps less than fair to that much-maligned body, the British Colonial Civil Service, whose officers must at least attempt to look at Hongkong and its problems from the inside. Admittedly, after more than a century of British rule housing conditions are appalling, educational facilities less than adequate, while "rates of pay and working hours would make the great Lord Shaftesbury turn in his grave." True enough—but this state of affairs is the result of causes beyond the control of any government, however enlightened its policy or unlimited its financial resources. The influx of people into the tiny territory of Hongkong has been at times almost physically overwhelming. In this mountain terrain, where almost every inch of flat land has already been built over, sites for new housing schemes must be hacked or blasted out of the steep hillsides. Although the standard of accommodation in the resettlement blocks is not high, at least the Government has succeeded in rehousing more than half a million people in tenements which are weather-proof and reasonably hygienic.

The Chinese themselves give first priority to education; their chief complaint is not the scarcity of houses but the shortage of schools and university places. In the different scale of European values water, food and shelter are primary considerations; no British Government could in conscience spend spare money on education while these basic needs remain so obviously unsatis-

fied. And if it is a Government which has no mercenary interest in Hongkong, the poorer section of the population could be pointed out, not mean favouring the Chinese, but a *fortiori* the non-Christian majority, as trying to understand the logical coherence of the Chinese faith. Rosemary Haughton might as well be regarded as an individual, so promulgates her writings—has the knack of writing about that faith, and relating it to some apparent airy dogmas of experience of living, so as to attract the attention of both and promote them with common ground and common language. Her sheer ability sometimes lays her open

to the charge of hasty and untidy argumentation, but on balance her books bear the impress of a strong, informed and original mind firmly convinced that the Gospels can make sense to and of twentieth-century man, whose complexity, dilemmas and hopes she herself well understands.

In *Act of Love* her starting point is the variety of idol-gods, whether the mythologized gods of the past, or the god-substitutes of the existentialist—loneliness, futility and hopelessness. She sets out to identify the true God "as he constantly makes himself obvious to us, and as we constantly refocus our eyes so as not to see him." This God, she contends, reaches us through the hidden god that each act of loving discovers, and

vent or about Palestine, but is almost aching to know if he had at last solved his problem. Readers who followed Sherlock Holmes' pursuit of the hound of the Baskervilles through successive numbers of the *Strand Magazine* must have felt much the same. We all want to know where he will end up in his mental and spiritual pilgrimage. Will he be a humanist? Will he be a Christian? So we wait for the next instalment on the screen or in the press, hoping that sometime and somehow this perplexed pilgrim will find peace.

Reading this volume of collected pieces, and especially his very interesting foreword, it does look as though he has at last got home and has found himself, much to his surprise, a Christian man. He has followed "yonder shining light" and made it, he trumpets, on no trumpets, on the other side. If that is so, could he not perhaps give himself a sabbatical year during which he eschewed those ephemera and wrote—not an autobiography, but a plain man's essay on what he has found? May a reviewer offer him a title: "Yonder Shining Light"?

For many of those priests little record remains but their names and the bare facts of their existence. Father Anstruther has nevertheless made admirable use of his material, quoting when he can from documents that bring them to life. In particular, those who were caught and condemned emerge in all their humanity. Thus John Sugar, walking behind a hurdle to the place of execution, is offered another way to avoid the mud. He answers: "I have not thus far followed him to leave him now for a little more." Or Stephen Rowshan: "A person easy to recognize on account of a certain twist in the neck... and an inequality of his shoulders... of a pleasant and manly countenance, with a brown beard and a full and sweet voice."

In an age of ecumenical adjustment—or, perhaps, of scepticism about the worth of a faith that could lead men to such heroic fidelity—this record of sufferings and evasion, of disguise and disgraceful death, can seem the chronicle of a past that is long since over. Yet the book—and these men—have much to tell us about what England and Wales have meant, and what they still mean. If history is more than the arbitrary chronicling of events that have no true human origin or human consequences either. These were representative men—Ingleby and Kirby, Birtwistle and Saterford, Probert and Pugh—from Little Chimer and Erith, Blandford and Llangadwaladr, many of them educated at Oxford or Cambridge, all of them deeply rooted in their land. It is not the business of the historian to interpret more than the firm evidence he has, yet a book such as this, about the true dimensions of a people's history, the worth of tradition and of convictions sincerely held, the myths that can create anger and persecution, and death

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Varieties of faith and conversion

MARY HAUGHTON: *Act of Love*. 191pp. Geoffrey Chapman. 25s.

devout Christians can often be seduced by the terminology and conceptual framework of traditional religion, a *fortiori* the non-Christian majority, as trying to understand the logical coherence of the Chinese faith. Rosemary Haughton might as well be regarded as an individual, so promulgates her writings—has the knack of writing about that faith, and relating it to some apparent airy dogmas of experience of living, so as to attract the attention of both and promote them with common ground and common language. Her sheer ability sometimes lays her open

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is grasped in the experience of conversion. In their ordinary life people experience many kinds of conversion, each involving a new faith, an act of faith, which of its nature is also an act of love. Her purpose is to analyse the act of faith as experienced and expressed in Christian conversion, and also in secular instances, and to ask how, if at all, secular "acts of faith" and the faith described in the Gospels can illuminate each other.

This she does by exploring conversion experiences recounted in autobiography and fiction, using material from a range of sources which include Havellock Ellis, Henry James and Jane Austen among others. In these experiences she finds certain common elements: a demand for surrender, assent to what is offered, a giving-away of security, the acknowledgment of a fellowship with and a debt to others, and some kind of justification by faith through repentance and conversion. Her examples include the experience of futility,

sexual love, social and political revolution resulting in a deep personal revolution, and the experience of falling in love. These paradigms each involve a turning point in people's lives, a decision, a new vision and a new faith. She goes on to explore further the after-effects of conversion. Two dangers, she argues, threaten those who have made the leap of faith: an artificial stimulation of experience in an attempt to preserve what was initially spontaneous and unlooked for; and the canalizing of the original experience into laws, customs, and ceremonies which become its substitute. Both involve a flight from love.

Mrs. Haughton goes on to face certain central questions which spring naturally out of her inquiry: whether acts of faith in God often fail to be acts of any advantage over those whose explicit object is something other; why acts of faith often fail to be acts of love or to issue in love; how God can be the goal of faith.

And her answer is expressed through a well-worked-out analogy between the act of faith and the sexual act of love set in all its personal and social dimensions.

Her terminus is the conviction that each act of faith requires a setting and a language which clearly express what is to be expected during the follow-up to the act of faith. Only in Christian orthodoxy, she would argue, can adequate guidelines be found for interpreting to ourselves the profound meaning of that human self-giving which the act of faith demands, and for living out the conversion experience. Christian orthodoxy, because it alone fits all the facts of human experience, and best assists human beings to understand themselves as well as possible in a way that enables them to love. It is, she claims, unique in the completeness with which it meets the requirements of faith as an act of love, and the onus is on those who reject it to prove that other settings meet them better.

Perplexed pilgrim

COLIN MUGGERIDGE: *Jesus discovered*. 205pp. Fontana.

One who likes Mr. Muggeridge to find man-made beauty is the kind of discussion into which he is drawn, but no one can deny the impact that he has made on one of the very best television public. There is something spell-binding about his expressions, Hongkong peace, his nervous fingers, his certain constants of beauty, that makes it well worth while to turn to another channel. And as Mr. Muggeridge has started. The viewer writes in words what identifies himself with the tormented man struggling to make up his mind, and wants to be able to gate the programme to his rescue. From hour to hour, the endless dilemma is impossible to watch, which filter of emotion. Further, he is so obviously deeply involved wherever he is, which seems to be or whatever he is discussing. Indeed, he is so deeply involved that when the episode comes to an end one is not satisfied to learn something about a con-

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GREY ANSTRUTHER, O.P.: *The binary prism*. Vol. 1: Eliza Han. 422pp. Durham: Law College. £3.

history of the Roman Catholic clergy under Elizabeth I. Anstruther, already established as an authoritative historian of recusant life—his *Vaux* and *A Hundred* are models of a neglected field—has undertaken to provide the biography of all the known priests ordained to work in England. His method is to provide a list of names, giving details of origin, education and career as can be gathered from primary records, ordination records, Roman archives, prison records, a variety of public records, covering the reign of Elizabeth I and the early years of the Restoration. The book is often baffling. The priests, for the most part, are men of no great distinction. Their lives were in any case chronologically. There are many brave men. Far from being invaders of England, enemies made them to be as pathetically native to

their land, despite their years of training abroad and the badge of treason conferred by their faith.

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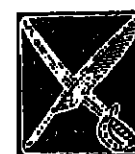
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Necessarily a knave

ELIZABETH HAMILTON: *The Backstairs Dragon*. 308pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3 3s.

This is a great subject for a major political biography. Robert Harley played a leading part during one of the most important formative periods of British politics. He had a hand in the settlement of the Crown in the line which still reigns; in the union of England with Scotland; and in the first European war that Britain fought on a large scale. Above all he was a political leader of a new kind, rooted in the House of Commons, aware of the importance of publicity, and steering by the centre. Yet until now the only life has been E. W. Roscoe's, published at the beginning of the century. Since Roscoe wrote, historical thought about the period has been transformed, and much new material has come to light—including the exciting discovery that a bundle of what seemed to be uninteresting family letters which had lain at Longleat for centuries were in fact correspondence in code from Harley to Abigail Masham, the Queen's bed-chamber woman.

But great as is the opportunity, the book is not an easy one to write, and it cannot be said that Lady Hamilton, for all her manifest diligence and sympathy for the subject, has achieved a major political biography. Part of the trouble is Harley himself. He was a dubious man, a lover of ciphers, secrecy, and informality. At the same time he was—as Swift bears witness—a charmer whom it was hard to resist. "If any man," wrote Lord Chancellor Cowper, "was born under the necessity of being a knave, he was." These are the uncharitable words of an opponent, but they have an element of truth in them. There was precious little of the noble about Harley; but since a good biographer must sympathize with the central figure, there is a danger of seeming

to palliate, which Lady Hamilton does not escape. A very good instance is her treatment of the letters to Abigail, already referred to. Harley was out of office, and the letters were intended for the Queen. His opponents suspected him of seeing the Queen secretly, which Harley stoutly denied. Lady Hamilton reflects more than once, in this context, on the innocence of Harley and the malignancy of his Whig opponents.

Lady Hamilton well catches the theory (it is difficult to call it principle) of Harley's system: he rode, rather than ruled, the party storm. Indeed, her book suggests, though it does not underline, the answer to the controversy about the party system under Queen Anne. The attempt to show that there was no such system has now been discredited; yet it is equally clear that the conception of alternative party governments—which is what we mean today by the party system—had not then been reached. Government was still thought of as being above party (however much it might in fact lean on party support) and Harley is the supreme exemplar of a governmental politician at this stage of Britain's political evolution.

For all these reasons Lady Hamilton's book is a useful one, and deserves to be read; but it suffers from stylistic, and to some extent from historical, blemishes. The chatty verbose mannerisms of the political journalist will keep seeping through, and they are inadequate for the portrayal of real life, which it is the privilege of the historian to describe. "Intensive effort," "incisive action," "spiritedly" (sic), "discomfiture" (in the mistaken sense of making someone uncomfortable), "quixotic" (in the mistaken sense of merely rash) are a few examples of slipshod words and expressions which blur the picture. Often the trouble is simple fondness for two

words when one would do better. It is a serious defect in a life which is of interest and incident that it could have been said it could have been said it could have been said.

It is strange, too, that Admiral Russell, who was those who invited William Pyddoke and Hodges without any qualifications, wrong to say that the Lords was "unable to reject money Bill or reject the Whig leadership to themselves with the Queen was not wholly untrue to Sacheverell, and the far from enthusiastic whole business. On the most important throughout Harley's book is superficial, and the valuable to have heard Harley's City comment rather less about the episodes of Greg and G.

This, then, is not the man who, with some claim to have been Britain's prime minister, respects, notably his political survival, he Walpole. His ultimate traced to his comparative that other great source power patronage—for tried to substitute the licitly, espionage, intrigue, and a kind of republic in which a chosen band would be manipulated whose gift for personal was altogether exceptional.

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Down the Dyke

DOROTHY SYLVESTER: *The Rural Landscape of the Welsh Borderland*. 548pp. Macmillan. £8.

The "rural landscape" of Dr. Sylvester's title is the rural scene defined as the handiwork of nature and man and studied not only in itself but along with the invisible and cultural elements associated with it. Her subtitle is "A Study in Historical Geography", and her ground-plan an extensive one. She at all times keeps in mind not only the physical entity of a distinctive land-area but, to use her own headings, landscape, climate, production and trade, people and society, civil and ecclesiastical administration, and strategic significance—and these throughout the area's recorded or otherwise discoverable history.

Inevitably this means a big book. Like most, perhaps all, general surveys, it is a distillation of a great many other books, a re-presentation of what is known or becoming known, and a set of markers pointing in the direction of future research. In all three respects it is admirable. It is also the book of a scholar who has made substantial contributions to the advancement of her subject.

The material, complex and extensive, has been organized in four sections. Dr. Sylvester begins with "The Rural Picture", which establishes the settlement scene and the geographical factors that lay behind the modes of human settlement and made them possible. Nature provides soil, altitude, slope, aspect, heat and cold, water, sunshine and light; but man must make his way in with tools, seed, stock, fertilizer, acquired skills and transmitted knowledge. The Border has always been, and still remains, predominantly agricultural. Cheshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Breconshire, Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire, Flintshire and Denbighshire, straddling as they do the present-day political boundary, the ancient Offa's Dyke, and the still more ancient strategic Roman road from Isca to Deva, seem always to have presented a tell-tale pattern of crop or animal husbandry. Any study of the Border starts at the grass roots.

Second comes "The Evolution of the Rural Landscape", or what may be called the chronological historical process. We know that the Border was a scene of human activity by way of trade and habitation in the Bronze Age; but the author is hardly at fault in a book concerned with fundamentals to start with the pre-Roman or Celtic Iron Age and the Roman occupation, and so proceed by way of Briton and Angle to the Normans and the Marcher period. This was a powerful sequence of invasion, conquest, blend and overlay; and each occupation, Celtic, Roman, Mercian, Norman, and in the long run English, left a heavy and durable imprint on the region and its people. Place-names, boundaries, parishes, communications, farming practices, military and ecclesiastical architecture, folk custom and law, townships and markets, and political administration

are some of the things that can be examined both in time and place on each side of the Dyke.

The loss of Welsh independence after the death of Llywelyn the Last Prince (ironically enough, in a wretched little skirmish near Builth) made the 1280s a watershed in Welsh and therefore Border affairs. But time does not stand still because princes fall, and Dr. Sylvester carries the story forward to a watershed no less formidable, the Acts of Union of 1536 and 1542, which made an end, politically speaking, of the long-standing triple division between the Principality, the Marches, and England itself, so leading to much parallel development during the succeeding centuries, and ensuring that Wales would have her share of such alien amenities as counties, gentry, enclosures, peace, circuits, industrial revolution, nonconformity, the Church of England, and the English language.

A fair and balanced examination of these and related matters is offered in Dr. Sylvester's third section, "The Anatomy of Rural Geography", with its chapters on townships, manors and lordships, church and countryside, nucleation and dispersal (that is, the tendency of people to live together in agglomerations large and small or in solitary or dispersed households), and, finally, a chapter on land use and field systems. A good deal of this conforms to a pattern of Wales, and particularly highland Wales, versus the East. Whereas much land west of the Dyke and upward of 1,000 feet has been limited to the raising of stock, the English lowlands (and of course some Welsh valleys) were areas of convertible husbandry kindly to crops as well as farm animals. The mountain sheep were sweeter, but the valley sheep were fatter, and if not the sheep then surely the cows and the cornfields.

These three sections, with their efficient and stimulating presentation of facts and ideas, are the first half of the book. They confirm the impression most of us have of the Welsh-English Borderland as a coherent though diversified region with easily distinguished eastern and western extremes. The argument for diversity in unity is then reinforced by the "Local Studies" of the fourth section, consisting of nine chapters of differing length but similar scope which conduct us first north to south from the Cheshire Plain to Herefordshire, on one side of the border, and then south to north from Monmouthshire to Denbighshire on the other. These chapters cannot in the nature of things be exhaustive of their subject, but they provide a useful annotation to the main themes.

The volume is furnished with twenty-one plates, fifty-eight maps, and eight tables. It has a fourteen-page glossary of terms, an eighteen-page classified bibliography, and a somewhat spare index. It is agreeably written, and its spirit is at once scientific and humane. As a survey of a noble and beautiful region, and an introduction to a study in depth of the natural features and human modifications which have given it shape and character, it can be warmly recommended.

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Ideologies in action

A. G. DICKENS: *The Counter Reformation*. 215pp. Thames and Hudson. 35s. (Paperback, 21s.)

The welter of religious persecution during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries reflected more of our own time than those of our own time; and, unlike their modern equivalents, gave rise to brilliant art. Professor Dickens knows so much about the Counter-Reformation that he sees it from the inside and takes these conflicts for granted in a way that less committed historians find hard to do: nor does he perhaps sufficiently relate these European struggles to the massive civilisation then flourishing in India and China, indifferent to Christian religious warfare. But within his assumptions, his account is admirable; a distillation of deep learning closely related to the lavish and carefully chosen illustrations. Political manoeuvres are unravelling, theology related to practice, and a whole panorama depicted on a European scale.

The scholastic scepticism and popular anti-clerical movements of the later Middle Ages had culminated in the Protestant schism or Reformation; for Luther, as here pointed out, was intellectually a descendant of Ochham as well as St. Augustine, and the furor about the sale of indulgences was not new.

In the resulting counter-attack the Papacy asserted an even more absolute authority than that claimed by Innocent III, and the Church was reanimated by the dedicated and disciplined Jesuit order when

the hard thinking, methodical, argumentative, adventurous, world-conquering outlook of the Society of Jesus broke out of a merely regional background and shaped the Church through-out a world suddenly made vast by exploration and trade.

By 1549 St. Francis Xavier was converting the Japanese; probably, "a people with such high concepts of personal honour had a special attraction for the figure within the Saint". But the authorities soon became

alarmed and martyred thousands of converts by crucifixion, to them a new and perhaps a happy thought. Meanwhile by the 1560s the aged and formidable Nespoltian Paul IV devised the first Roman Index of prohibited books, among them the works of Erasmus and all vernacular translations of the Bible. Then, after the French and the Imperialists had fought themselves to a standstill and concluded the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis in 1559, the able diplomatist Pius IV summoned the final session of the Council of Trent from which the Holy See emerged with enhanced grandeur—for the Council proved "both the creature and the creator of the modern Papacy".

Alongside these worldly triumphs went a swirl of mystical emotion and Mannerist and Baroque art. As Professor Dickens puts it, "a distinguished aesthetist is said to have observed" of Bernini's group of St. Teresa and the Seraph, "if this is divine love it is very familiar to me"; yet El Greco's superb colour and design with its sense of echoing space makes him the most spiritually intense of all sixteenth-century painters. And this background of sometimes hysterical emotion was now expressed not, as in the early Middle Ages, by appropriately naive techniques, but in the elaborate idiom of the high Renaissance, whose original humanist dignity was swept up into new and dynamic forms. For if the austere grandeur of Herrera's Escorial on its superb site well expressed the heavy-handed power of Philip II, the Roma of the Counter Reformation demanded a more propagandist attack and the artists and sculptors sometimes achieved an idiom comparable to that of Indian art.

The author also reminds us of the Catholic humanists' great services to education, citing the "princely Complutensian Polyglot" Bible of 1514-17 in six folio volumes financed by Cardinal Ximenes, for which the services of Jewish converts were mobilized. The Counter-Reformation, like its Protestant challenge, set new stan-

dards, of strenuous intellectual endeavour. These ideological movements, their doctrinal and equally added fuel to the mounting place against a background of poverty and disease. The Counter-Reformation all concerned with intellectual and ideological crusade with art and music; the systematic way than the factors, while the nature of peasant societies, communication with world was through their made for "surprising ability".

Sometimes peasants reacted to these were patient creatures, rejected to violent innovation, national propaganda they their grievances and yet vital tasks. As the peasant malcontents need proof that they were not professional soldiers.

This is an admirable insight, recalling a cheap portrait age. But in perspective it was the modern Descartes and Newton win the day and change. And for one reader at least is best commemorated by the telling picture of serene St. Dominic worried Albigensians "seventeenth-century by the 'Te Deum' Chapel celebrating St. Bartholomew.

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A people of poets

H. T. NORRIS: *Shiniquit Folk Literature and Song*, 200pp. Clarendon Press, Oxford University Press, £3 3s.

The literature of Shiniquit is too little known in Britain. The Moors of Shiniquit (the region included in what is now the Islamic Republic of Mauritania and so-called Spanish Sahara) are a gifted and scholarly people who for centuries have exported their intelligentsia in the direction both of the Arab world and of West Africa. The composition and enjoyment of poetry—in Classical Arabic, in their own Hassaniya dialect of Arabic, or, less commonly, in Znaqa, a variety of Berber—on every conceivable subject is an essential part of the stuff of daily life. Shaykh Muhammad al-Mami, who died in 1865,

put all the sciences into verse, jurisprudence, grammar, belief in the unity of God, logic, rhetoric, the biography of the Prophet and genealogies and astronomy, in poetry both beautiful and flowing and well composed in Hassaniya. The ear is never tired by it, notwithstanding its length...

He also put into verse his "eccentric theory about how to calculate the number of stones on the earth's surface". Difficult legal problems are expounded poetically—

There has never been a sharing (of inheritance) between the sister and the grandfather except in the obscure and noted case of al-Akdiya...

Poetry is at the same time a medium for wit and satire, as in this poem by Muhammad wuld Ahmad Yara, addressed to a decrepit camel, presented to him by his wife:

O al-Waghra—look at that well yonder,

the cause of my misfortune (because my beloved is there). I know, may God watch over you, that you are weary and the middle of you is great, and that you are old in years, and that the water which you have drunk has made you heavier and weaker. But in spite of all, O al-Waghra, journey on a little—your eye is not despaired.

In Shiniquit culture the contribution of women to the composition of poetry has traditionally been, and still remains, important. Here is a modern example of a *tehrna*, "a poem improvised by Mauritanian women in a free style, often on the subject of love", by Maryam mint Agaylas—

I don't like the company of this group of men who come running after me. Wuld Ahmad Baba is quite enough for me.

He has not forgotten me. What remains of that night of his love for me still surrounds me.

This is the twentieth century; it is not suited to you, neither in obligation nor in religion.

O Wuld Ahmad Baba, watch for me. I love you, so you must love me.

In this selection the theme of regret for the disintegration of the highly stratified Shiniquit social system ("The world is topsy-turvy but the world to come is sure") is found side by side with the theme of acceptance of the new possibilities of modernity.

One must be grateful to Dr. Norris and his collaborator, the Mauritanian scholar, Mukhtar wuld Hamidun al-Daymani, for preparing this excellent anthology for the "Oxford Library of African Literature". It includes a small, but varied, selection of poems, mainly in Hassaniya, dating back to the eighteenth century, some folk stories and

legends of saints, and a couple of interesting Shiniquit works on prosody (which are careful to emphasize that poetry is a praiseworthy subject of study, quoting the Prophetic tradition—"He who praises me, though it be with a hemistich, I will be his intercessor"). There is a useful account of the historical and social setting within which (so far as our present knowledge goes) Shiniquit literature would seem to have emerged, of the wide diversity of its metrical forms, and of the relationship between poetry, music and dance. Particularly interesting is Dr. Norris's view that, while Shiniquit poetic forms owed much to the Maghrib and Andalus, the institution of the *iggyiv* (feminine *iggyiv*), the troubadour, as a member of a distinct and specialized caste, was essentially of Sudanic origin.

The literary and artistic expression of [Shiniquit] society was the prerogative of three classes. The prestige and wealth of the rulers of Mali and the Sanjaia princes before them, demanded the permanent presence of a court poet to praise, to lampoon, or to act as a family archivist. The Hassani chiefs held poetry in the highest esteem, but it was left to the Zwaya scholastic fraternity to systematize the new metrical forms that the poetry needed and to link them with the Classical Arabic poetry which was their monopoly. Lastly, it was the musicians themselves, the *iggyawen*, who were to wed the music and the poetry. They were to be the poets laureate of the Banu Hassan...

It is to be hoped that Dr. Norris, with his sympathetic understanding of this nation of poets, will on some future occasion discuss the interesting historical questions raised in these introductory chapters at much greater length.

before 1960. Mr. Brew has found his own path to simplicity of expression by largely ignoring western models and by following, in much of his poetry, the structure and imagery of traditional Akan songs of praise and prayer. Occasionally the resulting deliberateness of pace and bareness of language topples over into banality:

When the women who fought with us Bring water in cracked calabashes And beckon us to the spot where the Should drop, drop by drop, in fearful libations...

This is careless, for the substitution of "fall" for the first "drop" in

Where Kwesi Brew's volume looks like the harvest of many years, *Mortality* is clearly the first utterance of a talent still growing in power and control.

Nun in scaves of coal after the miracles of the blood.

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Where Kwesi Brew's volume looks like the harvest of many years, *Mortality* is clearly the first utterance of a talent still growing in power and control.

Cape con-man

DUGMORE BOETIE: *Familiarity is the Kingdom of the Last*. Edited by Barney Simon. 191pp. Barrie and Rockliff: The Cresset Press, 30s.

One of the great untapped sources of South African literature lies in the underworld inhabited by those who have been excluded by creed or colour from ordinary society. It is there, among the outlaws, the silent front-line warriors against apartheid, in the twilight no-man's-land of clandestine inter-racial contact, and in the back streets of African townships, that South Africa's richest real-life stories are to be found.

Few of the actors ever set pen to paper; there is the risk of betraying incriminating secrets; and, anyway, they are too busy living in defiance of the law—a full-time vocation. Attempts by liberal-minded literary Whites to interpret this shadowy milieu inevitably suffer from second-handness, from a lack of authenticity, and, often, from subtle falsification induced by social distance.

A tiny but tantalizing inside glimpse of this world emerges from the posthumous autobiography of Dugmore Boetie, edited by Barney Simon. Boetie, a one-legged, confident, trickster, is an authentic, if bizarre, figure from Johannesburg's back streets, in a society where to be born black is the ultimate devila-

tion, he finds nothing unnatural in a career devoted to robbery, drug peddling, and petty thieving. What gives his story pathos is the fact of his artificial leg. "Pass laws are tough", he writes, "but pass laws combined with one leg add up to sheer hell." Boetie, who nevertheless describes himself as a successful cripple, spins a superb yarn, reminding one, at times, of that prince of South African story tellers, Herman Bosman. We are given poignant flashes of the shebeens, jail life, the exhilarating "tomorrow-you're-dead" atmosphere in the crowded slums. His powerful sense of farce comes out best in hilarious views of the Whites, particularly policemen, who seem absurdly pompous, pathetic figures of fun, rather than satanic ogres.

In spite of his charm and panache, Boetie's career is not inspiring. He is no Robin Hood, no black patriot warring against white society. On the contrary, he consorts with unscrupulous racketeers who prey upon their fellow-oppressed, is a racist who denigrates other non-Whites. One wonders whether Mr. Simon might have better served the cause of an indigenous African literature by sponsoring the work of a less flawed personality. Nevertheless the book is a welcome and exciting step in the right direction, and one hopes that Mr. Simon and his colleagues will continue their pioneer work.

From their letters, diaries, memoirs, newspapers, and from the observations of travellers, both foreign and local, pieced together a world can only be known.

The Old Moon was a review of the latest discovery of a fresh look on its origin, structure, condition. The treasure combines paintings with lightness of touch and freshness of thought.

Orbiter close-up and photographs of the point of the first voyage was badly

The Viking Achievement in the latest in our Civilisation, misguidedly, commissioned to a comprehensive song make it; the later two were also of the Society and Culture of Early Modernity.

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As a result, they have totally lost touch with reality. Edward Goldsmith's *Consciousness* is the case, for he forms a general theory of the great originality and worth publishing.

Lehane looks at fleas from point of view and has some amusing things to say about the Romans thought they were spontaneously generated, "ant or dirt", a theory that to die. But later, the flea due appraisal; Montaigne was saying "Man is certainly cannot make a flea add yet be making gods by the

author regards fleas almost as a companion and having searched among the records that men have discovered that the role of these insects in the history is out of all proportion to miniature size.

This is a pleasantly written account of bird flight by an American naturalist who has made a study of avian dynamics and gliding. John Terres is not himself an avian but has studied the flight of birds in all its aspects. His essays range from the almost miraculous wing-power of the peregrine—the first choice of many falconers—to the soaring of eagles and vultures; the amazing evolutions of humming-birds and the flight of penguins through the water as exemplified by those which live in the Humboldt current. He has studied the wondrous flight of the albatross—the greatest glider in the world—and has made acquaintance with the great variety of petrels and shearwaters which are to be encountered in the Southern Oceans between 40° and 60° south.

Flashing Wings goes far to explain some of the puzzles which the varied flight of these birds presents to those who have not his special knowledge. Mr. Terres has the observant eye of

case it might be thought.

Pacific piscifauni

P. WHITEHEAD: *Drawings of Fishes from Captain Cook's Voyages*. Forty Drawings of fishes made by the artists who accompanied Captain James Cook on his three voyages to the Pacific: 1768-71, 1772-75, 1776-80. Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History). £21.

story of the assortment of public, general and technical, arose from Cook's three great book of circumnavigation (1768-72-75, 1776-80) is as weird and selected as it is involved. The point of the first voyage was badly

induced by Hawkesworth, who misguidedly, commissioned to a comprehensive song make it; the later two were also of the Society and Culture of Early Modernity.

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A Model of Philosophy Modern philosophy is a classically the world is provided by the perception, and the Scientists classify it in terms of concepts that increasingly objects correspond less and less to those of our experience.

As a result, they have totally lost touch with reality. Edward Goldsmith's *Consciousness* is the case, for he forms a general theory of the great originality and worth publishing.

Lehane looks at fleas from point of view and has some amusing things to say about the Romans thought they were spontaneously generated, "ant or dirt", a theory that to die. But later, the flea due appraisal; Montaigne was saying "Man is certainly cannot make a flea add yet be making gods by the

author regards fleas almost as a companion and having searched among the records that men have discovered that the role of these insects in the history is out of all proportion to miniature size.

This is a pleasantly written account of bird flight by an American naturalist who has made a study of avian dynamics and gliding. John Terres is not himself an avian but has studied the flight of birds in all its aspects. His essays range from the almost miraculous wing-power of the peregrine—the first choice of many falconers—to the soaring of eagles and vultures; the amazing evolutions of humming-birds and the flight of penguins through the water as exemplified by those which live in the Humboldt current. He has studied the wondrous flight of the albatross—the greatest glider in the world—and has made acquaintance with the great variety of petrels and shearwaters which are to be encountered in the Southern Oceans between 40° and 60° south.

Flashing Wings goes far to explain some of the puzzles which the varied flight of these birds presents to those who have not his special knowledge. Mr. Terres has the observant eye of

case it might be thought.

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So sumptuous a commemorative volume

Books from Alnwick to Hove

The Library. Edited by R. A. Sayce. Fifth Series. Volume XXIV. No. 1 (March, 1969). Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. **The Book Collector.** Edited by Nicholas Barker. Volume XVIII. No. 1 (Spring, 1969). The Collector. 15s. **The Bodleian Library Record.** Volume VIII. No. 3 (February, 1969). Oxford: Bodleian Library. 3s. 6d. **The Durham Philobiblon.** Volume II. Parts 9-10 (May, 1969). Durham: printed for the Editor, The Private Library. Second Series. Edited by Roderick Cave and Geoffrey Wakem. Volume I. No. 4 (Winter, 1968). Edited by John Cotton. Volume II. No. 1 (Spring, 1969). Private Libraries Association. France: an exhibition of books and manuscripts. Edinburgh: National Library of Scotland. 5s. **Hector Berlioz, 1803-1869.** Edinburgh: National Library of Scotland. 6s. 6d. 123: a catalogue of rare and valuable books in the Hove Public Library. Edited by Jack Dove. Hove: Public Library and Museum Committee. 10s. 6d.

Professor P. C. G. Isaac, whose work towards a cooperative survey of the history of printing in north-eastern England offers exciting prospects and material for emulation, opens the March number of *The Library* with "William Davison of Alnwick, pharmacist and printer". This is a paper which was read before the Bibliographical Society, and one is conscious of the attempt to crowd a complicated and fascinating story into an hour: the footnotes reveal Professor Isaac's pertinacity and good fortune in the search for materials. One would have liked not only more detail, but also more consideration of Davison's position in the wider context of the trade. How typical of provincial publications is the work, which Davison produced with the

inprint "London: printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Browne, and Green . . ." of which only eighteen copies were sent to London, ten to be deposited at Stationers' Hall and seven sold by Longman? Mr. Isaac adds a checklist of 111 books (defined as more than forty-eight pages) printed by Davison, which is not included in the illustrated version of his paper published in book form by the Clarendon Press in 1968. A shorter paper on "Developments in the Book Trade in Eighteenth-Century Wales" by Miss Elinor Rees is a more successful attempt to deal with a large and fascinating subject in a small compass because it restricts itself to general patterns with just enough detail to support the argument. Again one hopes this will form the basis of a larger study of a part of the book trade which is so little known: it is interesting that both the British Museum and the Bodleian are at present trying to extend their collections of the earlier Welsh publications.

The bibliographical notes include a discussion of the earliest editions of Stephen Hawes's *The Conyngton of Sycamore* by Alice Morgan; of Tennyson's *Tiresias* by Simon Nowell-Smith; and of an early appearance in an anthology of one of G. M. Hopkins's poems by Norman White and Tom Dunne. D. S. Thomas gives an account of prosecutions at the Guildhall Sessions of *Sodom and Poems on several occasions by the E of R* in 1689-90 and 1693, which is a reminder of the amount of information about the London book-trade to be found in the Guildhall archives. Mr. Thomas relates these proceedings to a case against a printer "Hill" at the King's Bench in 1698 for publishing the latter work; the defendant aborted the trial by going abroad, and Mr. Thomas suggests, in a footnote that he may have been Henry Hills junior. Professor James Thorpe considered him as a possible candidate in his 1950 reprint of Rochester's poems, but failed to recognize that these surreptitious editions covered a wide span of years—probably some were even later than the date of 1698 now revealed.

The reviews include an informative study of H. M. Adams's *Catalogue of books printed on the continent of Europe, 1501-1600*, in Cambridge libraries in which J. W. Jolliffe, while making some well-judged criticisms, shows the value of such a catalogue and justifies its inclusion of collations. It appears that there are more than a hundred Geneva editions in Cambridge unknown to Mosek's revised bibliography, and half the books listed are not in the British Museum. The Dainton Report has stressed the need for a national bibliographic centre and a complete union catalogue, and this review gives weight to the argument; but no one seems to have asked where we can find a large enough number of scholars of this calibre to undertake such a task.

The Book Collector organized a successful appeal for funds to help repair the damage caused by the Florence floods of November, 1966; in its spring number the editor gives an account of the progress made at the Biblioteca Nazionale. This is a story not only of the work of restoration, but also of the way its devoted librarian, Dr. Casamassima, has taken advantage of the crisis to reorganize the library and its services and to gain better financial support from the Italian government. His vision and achievements are remarkable, though it is depressing that only

through a crisis of such dimensions can governments be stirred into action.

In the series of "Contemporary Collector," Miss Miriam Romme gives an account of the magnificent gift of bookbindings which Mr. Henry Davis has made to the British Museum. As those who have seen the selection on display at the museum will know, no written account could do justice to this remarkable collection, but Miss Romme (with the aid of a dozen plates) is able to describe many of the more important bindings. In this number, too, no. xviii of Mr. H. M. Nixon's regular "English Bookbindings" (an Oxford binding by Richard Sedgley, 1699) is joined by the first of a series of "Foreign Bookbindings," in which Dr. Ernst Kyrie illustrates an Erfurt binding of the fifteenth century. Mr. James R. Dearden contributes the first of a series of articles on "Wise and Ruskin" which promises to be a fascinating account of Wise's misdeeds because of the number of relevant surviving manuscripts and correspondence. Finally, Mr. John Carter in "An Unsolicited Review" gives an entertaining account of his history of his *New Paths in Book Collecting*, occasioned by an unauthorized American reprint.

The latest number of the *Bodleian Library Record* is as usual full of local news and scholarly comment. Its two most substantial contributions are an article by Dr. J. B. Mitchell identifying another 500 manuscripts from the libraries of Bernardo Treviano and Jacopo Soranzo which passed through the Canonici collection to the Bodleian, and an illustrated study of "A 'Ducado' posthume binding by Charles Lewis" in which Mr. Giles Barber and Dr. David Rogers illuminate the revival around 1820 of a late sixteenth-century style. The list of accessions of printed books is, as always, exemplary: one wishes that such informed and discriminating buying were supported by larger funds.

A double number of the *Durham Philobiblon* completes its second volume (1953-1969): in a preface note Mr. David Ramage brings the first series to an end, relinquishes his post, and makes no promises of a continuation. As an occasional journal it has in many ways typified his active and scholarly librarianship at Durham, and one could wish for more university librarians with his lively concern for the practical propagation of scholarship. It remains true, however (and particularly with the prolific American libraries), that articles and notes of more than local importance which are published in this way may prove elusive to the student. In the present number, the dating of John Horsley's *Mechanics* as early as 1720 or the account of the pirates

of Ann Fisher's *The Pleasing Instructor* have an importance that is wider than the history of Newcastle printing, and they might well have appeared among the *Book Collector's* bibliographical notes and queries. Yet one knows that without an immediate incentive these notes so often remain unwritten, and it is for this incentive that we have been so indebted to Mr. Ramage.

The two most recent numbers of the *Private Library* continue its stress on illustrators and the private presses. Mr. Rigby Graham completes his survey of "Withering Heights and the illustrator," Mr. Joseph Teplin discusses the illustrations of Ely-LeGrand, and Mr. John Lehmann contributes all too brief a note on "Book Design for the Lehmann Imprint." The private presses are Dr. Albert Outram's Rosemary Press, discussed by Miss Penelope Holt and Oscar Mellor's Fantasy Press by Mr. John Cotton. The Winter number also contains a brief and well-illustrated account by Mr. Roderick Cave of Cobden-Sanderson's work as a bookbinder.

Three catalogues from libraries deserve mention here. The National Library of Scotland seems to have the knack of producing exhibitions which continually surprise and delight the visitor; their fifth national exhibition, "France", well exemplifies this gift, for who would expect to find the account for food and drink for the royal children and their suite while avoiding the plague at Amboise in 1553 (at least until he realized that Mary Queen of Scots was of their number) or the typescript of part of C. K. Scott-Moncrieff's translation of Proust? One can only note with regret rather than surprise the absence of important twentieth-century illustrated books and bindings to match those of earlier periods. The exhibition, "Hector Berlioz", serves to remind us of the generosity of Mr. Cecil Hopkinson in presenting his collection to the library and since adding to it; the catalogue includes a group of unpublished letters from Berlioz, acquired by the library in 1963.

Finally, Mr. Jack Dove, the librarian of Hove, has produced a catalogue of 123 rare and valuable books in his library. Apart from three incunabula and five early editions of Donne, the collection is mainly of the modern private presses, with Essex House and St. Dunstons preponderating; though the catalogue has few surprises to offer, one must applaud Mr. Dove's initiative and the elegance with which it is produced. Too many of these municipal collections remain unknown; how many make the pilgrimage to Blackburn to study the art of the book?

Computance

DAVID W. PACKARD: *A Concordance to Livy*. Volume 1 (A-D); 1351pp. Volume 2 (E-I); 1204pp. Volume 3 (K-P); 1204pp. Volume 4 (Q-Z); 1380pp. Harvard University Press: London: Oxford University Press. £38 the set.

If four large volumes of compact print containing 5,400 pages of Livian vocabulary suggest that the lost books of Livy have been found, there is no cause for alarm and despondency among the schoolboys who may still read Livy. The total of his books surviving from the original 142 still stands at thirty-five. Further, if one should deprecate what appears to represent an inordinate use of scholarly man-hours, this is to underestimate the advance of applied science. The work took no more than a year. It involved months of careful programming and proof correction, but an I.B.M. 7094 computer produced the concordance in three hours, taking 'et, aique and ac' in its course.

The concordance sets the key words in alphabetical order down the middle of each page line by line and fills each line on either side of the key word with the much content. As

possible, adding the text reference at the right; under each entry the order is related sub-alphabetically to the phrase which follows the key word. Since no computer has yet qualified in Latin studies, one should be content to have this comparative arrangement of the raw material. Give scholars another twenty years and they may then produce a fully classified lexicon. The work is based on the printed text, without including the manuscript variants; for there is more to be done in recording the manuscripts. The serious scholar will consult the Oxford and Teubner editions and welcome the time that this concordance has saved him.

Livy preserved the history of the early Roman Republic, and historians from Machiavelli onwards have learnt its lessons in terms of political thought; but what was the contemporary significance of his terminology? As a Latin stylist also Livy exploited all the resources of the language, from prose epic to rhetorical speeches and dramatic description. One needs aid in following his usage in its varied context, and this is what Mr. Packard's *Concordance* has supplied for those who can benefit from it.

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LIAM MORRIS: *Icelandic Journals*. Edited and with an introduction by James Morris. 19pp. £6.6s. TOBIAS SMOLLETT: *Travels through France and Italy*. 10pp. Introduction by James Morris. £8.8s. CHARLES and MARY COWDEN CLARKE: *Recollections of Writers*. Introduction by Robert Gittings. 347pp. 6s. WILLIAM ROBSON: *The Old Playgoer*. Introduction by Robert Gittings. 252pp. £6.6s. Centaur Press.

Recent years the spread of photographic book printing, combined with a substantial amount of institutional library demand prepared to pay for books of academic literary interest and value for sale, has produced a flood of facsimile reprints; a face of the type-setting of the original, but often not in the original type-size. Usually these are issued not by general trade publishing houses but by specialist kinds of work, and to a degree we are indebted to these firms. The price is fixed carefully so as to be the unit cost of production of a print number with the estimated library demand. There is often an attempt to attract the private buyer, except for some even er-price works of interest to scholars. Even when retailed through normal book trade outlets, the normal run of these reprints are likely to be sold in the bookshop counter.

However, these editions can create a mass. These library-reprint shelves certainly fill a definite and limited need, and they can be criticized for their print/price formulas. If their market per title here, across the Atlantic and elsewhere in a few select titles may seem reasonably, it is no simple matter to put out the works in demand which are generally unobtainable and are sought after by public or library libraries and their clients. In four books under review here all good cases in point. William Morris's *Icelandic Journals* have attracted some attention in recent years, partly for their intrinsic value and partly because of the growth of interest in Morris. (Mackall decided the first journey to Iceland as "an importance in Morris's work which can hardly be over-estimated," an allusion perhaps to the ability that this journey in 1871

coincided with the Rossetti-Jane Morris liaison at Kelmscott.) However these diaries have not been available outside the 24-volume edition of his work issued by Longmans in 1910-1915 and long since out of print (although recently reprinted and sold as a whole set by an American facsimile reprint concern). They are certainly worth making available again.

But available to whom? A price of six guineas must place this edition out of reach of most Morris admirers or Icelandic students. The somewhat superficial introduction by James Morris, the series editor—in which the author, who was past forty when he took a reluctant first interest in politics, is described as a "joiner" (of organizations) and as physically recalling Billy Bunter—provides a poor makeweight. It is better of course to have a small, expensive edition destined for libraries than to have no procurable edition at all, but it is well known that these days most books are published or re-published by general publishers in the expectation that a substantial slice of the edition will be acquired by libraries. It is not possible that, by creaming off the market, these expensive facsimile reprints, in which the facsimile interest is usually marginal, make more difficult the issue of a viable trade edition?

This question arises also with the other volume in the "Travellers' Classics" series: Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy*. This splendid account of the eighteenth-century Englishman abroad, cantankerous, insular but shrewdly informative, is certainly one of the English travel classics as well as being the work of a celebrated novelist; and it should be in print. For nearly fifty years it was generally available in the "World's Classics" series, and to be bought for a shilling or two. It went out of print about fifteen years ago. Meanwhile John Lehmann had included it in his enterprising, inexpensive but perhaps not very profitable Chilton Library in 1949. If the publishers are to be congratulated upon making this work available at all at eight guineas, in an edition not likely to exceed three figures, it will not find a place on many private bookshelves at this price. Nor is the Oxford University Press the more likely now to be encouraged to re-issue it in the "World's Classics" series.

The other two volumes are of more specialized appeal—to students of nineteenth-century literature and

drama respectively. Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke—she was a Novello by birth and sister of the celebrated singer Clara—are among the less-accounted Victorian literary couples, though they are relied on for first hand, if perhaps slightly roscate information about, among others, Keats, Leigh Hunt and Dickens. ("Everybody, without exception, is drawn in Arcadian fashion", wrote Edmund Gosse in reviewing *Recollections of Writers*.) Charles, a public lecturer for 21 years on English literature, was as Robert Gittings comments in his useful introduction, an important name in the history of English adult education; Mary, after sixteen years' hard labour, produced the first Shakespeare concordance and contributed to the development of the Shakespeare "industry". Together they were, as Mary wrote a year after her husband's death, in the introduction to this book, "the happiest of married lovers far more than forty-eight years' writing together, reading together, working together, enjoying together the perfection of living, literary co-existence". It appears that this valuable source-book has never been reprinted, and so this facsimile edition, somewhat larger than the small crown-octavo original, probably satisfies the current demand.

This is true also of *The Old Playgoer*, which will entertain and inform a limited circle of English theatre students. In a series of letters nominally addressed to Charles Kemble, it not only describes the great actors of the author's Regency youth, but is also, as Robert Gittings points out, a defence of the old system of patent theatres in London only swept away

three years before Robson's book was published in 1846.

It may appear, then, that facsimile editions such as these may be both a boon to libraries and students and a barrier to wider publication when desirable. In the general publishing world it seems that in many cases the ever-rising costs of production and the growing demand for swifter return on capital invested in back list stock titles have outlasted the private reader's ability to buy. The relative decline in reprints and new editions in the annual book production statistics confirms this trend; while the issues of new books are advancing formidably, outside the paperback stands new edition, flag. If a "book-owning democracy" is culturally desirable, how are the problems of publishing economics to be reconciled with the need to have the classics, and especially the near-classics, regularly available at reasonable prices? To revert to William Morris, Mackall's biography quoted from above was issued in the "World's Classics" in 1950, but is no longer available in print to a generation more interested in Morris and his circle than its parents were. Yet to reprint in facsimile the substantial two-volume first edition of 1899 at high price would be of little service to those who might reasonably desire to add this classic Victorian biography to their own shelves. The facsimile, given their library-orientated targets and limited distribution facilities, are for the most part performing a useful function, but until some of their reprint work is introduced or re-introduced into the mainstream of publishing, the results for much of the reading public will be unsatisfactory.

Laforgue abroad

WARREN RAMSEY (Editor): *Jules Laforgue*. 194 pp. Southern Illinois University Press, London: Feffer and Simons. £2.7s. NORMAN PAXTON: *The Development of Mallarmé's Prose Style*. 174pp. Geneva: Droz. 24Sw.fr.

Jules Laforgue is one of those very rare poets who have enjoyed greater fame and had more influence abroad than in their own countries. Professor Warren Ramsey, author of one of the best general studies that we have of the poet, has edited a collection of essays on different aspects of his life and work. Unlike most collections of the kind, *Jules Laforgue* is not a selection of the best that has already been written on the poet. With two exceptions—the essays, which are mainly by American academics, appear to have been specially written as an American tribute to Laforgue.

The book opens with an attractive account by the poet Malcolm Cowley of the rise of Laforgue's fame in America. He discusses his influence on himself and illustrates it, engagingly, by quotations from his own verse. M. Henri Peyre pursues the theme by comparing Laforgue's treatment in America and in his own country. He is an expatriate professor of French who delights in giving his compatriots a knock and boosting Americans at their expense. He finds the neglect of Laforgue by French academics "inexplicable". His essay certainly does nothing to explain the neglect or the even more serious neglect of Tristan Corbière, who was probably the finer poet of the two. He might have spared us his ill-natured references on page 48 to T. S. Eliot, who did more than any other individual to promote Laforgue.

The Reverend Clive Lee, a great nephew of Laforgue's wife and a descendant of an Anglican parson in London, contributes a useful note on "Leah Laforgue, her Parents and Family", which corrects a number of mis-statements by dogs. There are good essays by Professor William Jay Smith on the *Marginalia* (legends and by the editor on Laforgue's language. The remaining essays are uneven. Mr. Brock and Mr. Brooks have interesting things to say about Laforgue and the theatre and the figure of Hamlet in the nineteenth-century French literary

but we are left with the feeling that rather too much space is devoted to the *Marginalia*. The essay on Laforgue and Baudelaire looks more like the work of a student than a teacher and fails to deal with the real issues. Professor Robert Greer Cohn, a distinguished authority on Mallarmé, writes of Laforgue and Mallarmé. But it is surely going too far to describe Laforgue as a "very great artist" and why, oh why, does he quote his verse only in English translation? There is a long essay on "The Place of Laforgue in Ezra Pound's Literary Criticism", but only incidental references to Laforgue's own literary criticism and nothing at all about the magnificent article on Impressionism which explains so much about the poetry. The paper on "Jules Laforgue and Samuel Beckett"—the longest in the book—seems to take us right off the target. What we most miss is a straight appreciation of Laforgue's poetry and his place in French literature which would have given the collection the centre that is somehow lacking.

No one with a genuine appreciation of French poetry can fail to find Mallarmé interesting. Now it is one thing to find him interesting and quite another to swoon over him as far too many people do. For Mallarmé is something of an acquired taste like Pierre Boulez's improvisations on a number of the poems. This applies still more forcibly to Mallarmé's prose. The author of *The Development of Mallarmé's Prose Style* is very much the enthusiast. He traces the development by laborious comparisons between different versions of some of the principal prose pieces for which he uses quotations of inordinate length. The development is primarily to be found in the process of condensation and elimination—and a growing obscurity. To the reader who has penetrated the late prose of Mallarmé, he concludes, "no other writing can give quite the same thrill". The less enthusiastic reader may recall the verdict reached by Mr. Gardner Davies at the close of *Les Tombes de Mallarmé*: "A detailed study of the style of Mallarmé, he said, 'does not fail to reveal complexities which scarcely contribute to the poetry of his work and can only be attributed to a habit of obscurity'. We may wonder whether at the end of his life Mallarmé was still capable of writing such a tedious literary French."

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